

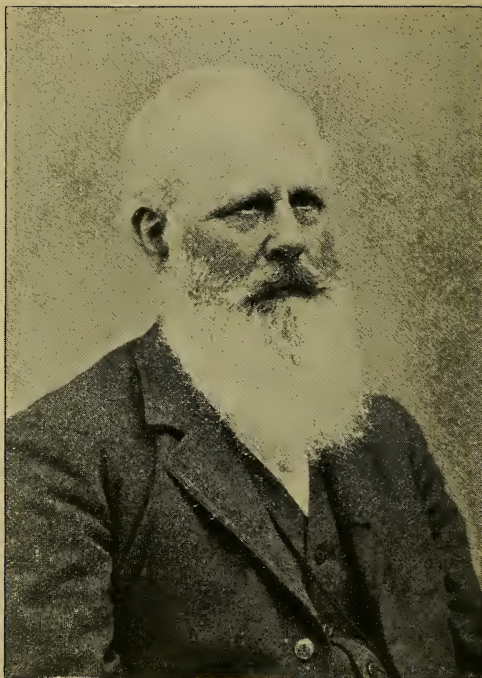
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. 33 Copyright No. _____

Shelf _____

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





WILLIAM READ.

THE
RE-STRUNG HARP
POEMS

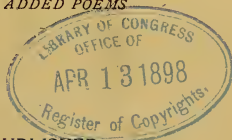
✓
BY REV. WILLIAM READ
"

" MAN, PERCHANCE, MAY BIND
THE FLOWER HIS STEP HATH BRUISED, OR LIGHT ANEW
THE TORCH HE QUENCHES; OR TO MUSIC WIND
AGAIN THE LYRE-STRING FROM HIS TOUCH THAT FLEW."

REVISED EDITION WITH ADDED POEMS

BOSTON
JAMES H EARLE, PUBLISHER
178 WASHINGTON STREET

2nd COPY, 1898
1898.



TWO COPIES RECEIVED.

10976

PS 2689
.R.3 1898

5236

Copyright, 1889, 1898,
By WILLIAM READ.

DEDICATION.

TO
MY WIFE, MRS. S. M. READ,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

"'Tis true that mortals cannot tell
What waits them in the distant dell;
But be it hap, or be it harm,
We tread the pathway arm in arm."



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE RE-STRUNG HARP,	7
AMERICAN FREEDOM,	9
THREE QUATRAINS ON POETRY,	15
CONSTANCY: A STORY IN VERSE, CANTO I.,	16
CANTO II.,	29
THE SIREN: AN ALLEGORY,	43
WE ARE TOLD,	50
FREEDOM AND HER DAUGHTER,	51
A TEMPERANCE DREAM,	52
ODE TO PEACE,	57
THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME,	59
THE OLD COT,	60
THE VANITY OF RICHES,	61
THE RUMSELLER'S SOLILOQUY,	65
A DREAM,	67
THE WEATHER-VANE,	69
A FRAGMENT,	70
AFTER A TEMPEST,	71
MY NEIGHBOR'S BROWN JUG,	72
THE ROSE,	73
THE SURPRISE,	75
FRIENDSHIP,	77
THE EPITAPH,	78

BEARING BURDENS,	79
A TEMPERANCE HYMN,	79
AN ACROSTIC,	80
MUSINGS,	81
LIGHT IN DARKNESS,	82
THE RAPPINGS,	83
NIGHT MUSINGS,	85
FROM SELF TO GOD,	88
TO ELEANOR. IN HER ALBUM,	89
THE LILY,	90
RIGHT LIVING,	91
THE SINKING SHIP,	92
LIVE AND LEARN,	93
GOLDEN FRUIT,	94
SONNET ON MAN,	95
SONNET ON LIFE,	95
THE OLD MAN'S REVERY,	96
SONNET ON HOPE,	98
PRAYER IN THE TEMPLE,	99
I NEVER PRAY,	101
GOD'S SIGNAL,	103
VOICES OF THE SEASONS,	105
JENNIE CREEK AND THE TRAIN,	107
THREE WOMEN,	109
3 THE KEDGE; AN INCIDENT OF SEA LIFE,	111

THE RE-STRUNG HARP.

IN years ago my harp was laid away ;
The harp o'er which my fingers used to stray,
And wake its ready strings to varied tones —
Now gay — and now suppressed and trembling moans.

The years have come and gone, in rapid flight,
And left me gray of hair, and dim of sight ;
My harp, untouched, forgotten, long has lain,
All hush'd its notes to songs of joy or pain.

Today, as recollection backward turned,
And scenes, long past, within my memory burned,
My harp, with dust and cobwebs cover'd o'er,
Persistent claimed my consciousness once more.

Must it, as time goes by, unstrung remain ?
Or shall it sound again with tuneful strain ?
Ah me ! why hath it lain, unused, so long,
If I and it have yet the power of song ?

But, as I questioned, thought and feeling grew,
And mingled scenes and interests, old and new ;
Old dreams came rushing on me, thick and fast,
And seemed as much of present as of past.

I placed and tuned new chords upon my lyre ;
I felt within my heart poetic fire ;
I swept the sounding wires, with fingers bold,
And joyed to hear their echoes, as of old.

AMERICAN FREEDOM.

Americans, who feel the glowing fire
Which conquests cannot give or fame inspire,
Within whose breasts the patriotic flame
Doth wake at mention of your country's name,
Come, range with me a favorite field of thought,
Of dangers braved, and battles nobly fought ;
Of victories won and independence gained
By cost of ease, and blood from patriots drained.
Mark, how the love of liberty could urge
The free-born heart to dare the ocean's surge !
Behold ! the pilgrims leave their native shore
And sail Atlantic's stormy billows o'er,
A land of undisputed right to seek ;
Where they might think and act — believe and speak !

They came to North America, which then
Was little known, except to savage men
Whose hearts were cruel, and whose minds untame ;
Who felt nor pity nor restraining shame,
But joy'd to hear their tortured victims cry
In agony of death, yet scarcely die !

With dangers compass'd round on every side,
Those heroes bravely stemmed th' opposing tide,
And soon began to flourish 'neath the light
Of Freedom's genial sun, and equal right.

But, ah! dark scowling in the east, arose
A cloud deep freighted with destructive woes!
Loud rolling thunders peal'd along the sky,
As upward fearfully it rose on high;
And vivid lightnings flash'd from near and far —
The sound and fire of rapine's blood-stained car!
Then came the days of stern and gory strife
For liberty, more dearly prized than life;
And to our land's remotest bound was heard
The cry which every patriot's bosom stirr'd:
"To war! arise, in Freedom's cause, and fight
To gain equality of human right!"

The call was nobly answered on the part
Of every upright, brave, and worthy heart;
And from each mountain-top and rural dell,
With truth to guide and freedom to propel,
Came hardy yeomen forth, to stand or fall,
Resolved to die, or save from British thrall
Their own beloved and dearly cherish'd land,
And place it where, of right, it ought to stand.
Unequal combat long they held with foes
Who dealt, with wrathful vengeance, deadly blows,
And scatter'd carnage o'er our lovely plains,
To wrest, for England, fair Columbia's gains!

But not for aye shall power tyrannic last ;
Twice four dread years of bloody warfare passed,
And then the stars and stripes were seen to float
As free as air ; and then was heard the note
Of Freedom's chosen bird, o'er land and sea —
The clarion tone that speaks of liberty.

O Liberty ! Sound sweet to every ear !
Which all who comprehend can but revere ;
How dearly art thou prized, thy worth how great !
Thou art the glory of our every state ;
Beneath thy influence hath our nation grown
Until its honor and its power are known
And felt by every nation, far and nigh,
Which prizes virtue, truth, or liberty.
Beneath the guidance of a holy God,
Who sways love's sceptre and the penal rod,
Unto our fathers' valiant deeds are due
Our power fair Freedom's pathway to pursue.
Then let us, long and loud, their praises sound,
Till with their names the earth and sky resound,
And nature's every harp shall loudly ring
To venerate the worth of which we sing.

The names of Franklin, Hancock, and of Lee,
Combined with three and fifty more, we see
Enroll'd upon the noble Declaration
Of Independence of our infant nation !
Again, in clouds of battle dense and dun,

Behold the heroes, Greene and Washington,
Surrounded by a multitude as brave
And fearless of a warrior's early grave
As they who led them on. They wished to see
Their kindred and their injured country free
From war's alarms and ruthless tyranny !
Oh ! these with reverence we call to mind
And bless as benefactors of mankind.

Few years the people had of rest from strife,
To nourish peaceful arts to vigorous life,
Before the cloud of war again arose —
Again our fathers met their haughty foes,
In many a war-like shock, on land and sea,
Maintaining thus, unsoiled, their liberty.
With ship to ship and fleet to fleet, our tars
Aloft most bravely held the stripes and stars ;
And won the right, where'er to sail they chose,
To sail unsearch'd except by conquering foes.
On this brief page, with naval glory full,
We find the names of Lawrence, Perry, Hull,
With Jones, Decatur, Bainbridge, Burrows, too,
And many others, like them, brave and true.

Nor less our memory loves to fondly dwell
On those who fought the rebel strife to quell.
A mighty host went forth, with martial tread,
In Freedom's cause, by mighty chieftains led.
They went to fight, our sacred rights to keep —
They left their "loved and loving" ones — to weep !

How many graves, remembered well, today,
Recall the mournful work of bloody fray !
Alas ! how many a grove, and swamp, and plain,
Of Southern soil, contain our noble slain !
While many patriots from the strife have come,
T' enjoy the sweets of freedom and of home.

A noble president, with more than kingly mind,
Called forth the patriots, and their ranks combined ;
Wise, honest Lincoln ! name revered by all —
So great — and yet by rebel hand to fall !
How, when his trumpet call of Freedom spoke,
On every side the sons of Freedom woke ;
And, filled with inspiration grand and high,
As if they heard the mandate from the sky,
From every loyal state the patriots pour,
And shout, " We come ! three hundred thousand more !"
Of marshall'd chiefs, but few my verse may grace ;
But Thomas, Sherman, Grant, must have a place —
And Sheridan — who won both field and race !
To these add Howard, Burnside, Banks and Meade,
And hundreds more, of equal fame and deed,
And still we leave, with names unsung — untold —
A numerous throng of leaders, true and bold.
Among our naval heroes we may put
The names of Farragut, Dupont, and Foote ;
Names bright with glory, and secure to fame
While liberty shall have a living name.
These, like our heroes of an earlier time,
We honor in our hearts — and in our rhyme.

Ye friends and lovers of these Federal States,
Whose souls the breath of Liberty inflates,
Oh! can we stoop to cast the boon away
For which our heroes labored night and day?
Can we forget their flowing streams of blood,
Which stained our plains and dyed the ocean's flood?
Shall aught take place our freedom to repress,
Or make the glory of our nation less,
And not awake each spark of dormant fire
Into a nation's unrelenting ire?
Nay, nay, ye free-born of a free-born race,
We're bound to shield our country from disgrace,
And aid it on in glory's bright career,
Until its name shall have the power to cheer
Each soul that groans beneath Oppression's hand,
In this, or any portion of our land.

And now, as from the century past we turn,
The secrets of the coming years to learn,
Oh! may our constant watchword, "Onward," be,
Maintaining still our purpose to be free!
In Freedom's cause we'll falter not, or fear,
However dark opposing clouds appear,
Till traitor leagues their murderous work shall cease,
And every citizen may vote in peace;
Till love and truth throughout our land shall reign,
From North to South, from Oregon to Maine,
And everywhere the stars and stripes shall wave,
The honored banner of the free and brave.

And then should foreign foes or traitorous men
Combine, by war or dark intrigue, again
To bind our land in Slavery's galling chain,
We'll spurn the shackles forged for us in vain,
And shout, as did our fathers, in a breath,
"Give to us liberty, or give us death!"

THREE QUATRAINS ON POETRY.

I.

A FIRE that burneth with a glow
Unquenched within the poet's heart ;
The rapture that choice spirits know,
In which the sordid have no part.

II.

The quenchless burning, in the breast,
Of thoughts and feelings deep and high ;
The lullaby to quiet rest,
For souls that throb and moan and sigh.

III.

The deepest thrill that hearts can know,
The sweetest tones that tongue can voice,
The soul's full flood, in matchless flow,
The purest thoughts, in words most choice.

CONSTANCY: A STORY IN VERSE.

“Apart she sighed ; alone she shed the tear.”

— *Crabbe*.

“I love to dream of tears, and sighs,
And shadowy hair, and half-shut eyes.”

— *Neal*.

CANTO I.

O constant Love ; warm, tender and profound !
To honor thee a bard may blameless sing,
And gladly wake his harp's most tuneful sound,
And cause its dulcet notes to cheerly ring.
Then may not I the poet's tribute bring
And humbly cast it at thy graceful feet,
While thou a deep enchantment round it fling,
That shall impart to it a relish sweet,
That it the truly polished ear and mind may greet ?

Not on gay fashion's votaries, alone,
Dost thou bestow thy Godlike blessings rare ;
In truth 'tis far more seldom thou dost own
That in their hearts thy power its sway doth bear ;
Yet sometimes thou dost make thy dwelling there.
But chiefly in the verdant country, wild,
Where health and uncramp'd beauty snuff the air,
Dost thou abide, with nature's lovely child,
Whom false instruction has not taught, or art beguiled.

Thy secret charms and soul-bestirring worth,
The tongue of eloquence cannot portray ;
Nor is there any poet's pen on earth,
That can describe thee, fully, in its lay.
But thou art precious ; and thy power doth sway
The hearts of some, as with a magic wand,
When once they feel thy love-awak'ning ray,
And at thy thrilling touch their souls respond,
As at the gentle touch of one of whom they're fond.

We praise the youthful swain or maiden fair,
Within whose bosom thou dost deign to make
Thy charming home ; and when a favor'd pair,
Alike inspired by thee, do chance to take
Some powerful, well-directed current's wake,
Most truly hymeneal joys indeed
Upon their happy, blended souls do break,
And they, from doubting and suspicion freed,
Enjoy fair virtue's richest, sweetest, noblest meed.

Alphonso and his Jane were such ;
In constancy the same — alike in mind —
They could not fail to love each other much ;
And soon, with tender ties, their hearts entwined.
As round the oak the ivy's tendrils wind,
So wound the fibers of her heart around
Her dear Alphonso, modest, gentle, kind ;
And, at his voice's love-inspiring sound,
With pure affection's tender throb her heart did bound.

But, ah ! it seemed that fate now dipped its pen
In ink of woe, and wrote upon their joy
As dark and deadly characters as when
It wrote the outlaw brand on famed Rob Roy.
Others may treat affection as a toy
That can be broken by each passing flaw
Of opposition's breath ; but let the boy
Who holds the darts of love, their bosoms thaw,
And they'll confess that nature holds with all one law.

Jane's father was a proud aristocrat,
With hoards of wealth. He bade Alphonso go ;
As to the marriage sought, declaring that —
Whate'er betide — he would not have it so !
Ere this had young Alphonso learned to know
That, on the true and richly worthy heart,
Adversity's keen winds do sometimes blow ;
But yet to think that he and Jane must part —
Perhaps to never meet — pierced through him like a dart.

A lover's words, breathed in the ears of love,
In time when lowers misfortune's dreary cloud,
Will move the heart, if aught on earth can move.
And, with a heart that scorned the scorning proud,
Alphonso, frank, his dearest hopes avowed ;
And ventured plainly to suggest to Jane
The course of conduct that might rend the shroud
That darkened hope, and caused their useless pain.
She listened to his words, delivered in this strain :

“Come, leave thy father, cruel, stern and strange,
And fly with me, and we'll in secret go
Beyond the Alleghany's lengthy range,
And southward from the land of ice and snow,
Where orange groves their fragrant odors throw,
With freedom, on the health-reviving breeze
Which gives to youthful cheeks fair beauty's glow.
There we'll enjoy ourselves 'mid spicy trees,
Nor northern blasts, nor cruel frowns our souls shall freeze.”

But vainly spoke Alphonso ; faithful Jane
Would not consent clandestinely to go ;
Though thoughts of separation caused her pain
And fill'd her dreams of future up with woe ;
She, therefore, resolutely strove to show
The firmness needed in that trying hour.
Convinced that they must part, she told him so ;
Then, deeply moved by warm affection's power,
Permitted him to lead her to the garden bower.

Oh ! how young hearts, when strongly intertwined
In deathless love's pure, deep and stainless ties,
Will fain a true or seeming reason find
Why they should fondly feast each other's eyes —
Regarding not that time unceasing flies —
On the endearing object of their love ;
And, oh ! they feel that they can nothing prize —
If parted here — until they meet above ;
But sink to grief, and mourn as mourns the mateless dove.

Alas! what pen can paint the parting scene,
Or nameless throbbings that to bursting swell
The heart of love, with anguish wild and keen?
What babbling language has the power to tell
The sorrow of a lover's last farewell?
And what enamor'd hearts can tearless stand
And hear the words that do their hopes dispel,
Or bear, nor feel of fortitude unmann'd,
The kiss, embrace, and last fond pressure of the hand?

So when Alphonso and his lovely fair
Had reached their oft-frequented, pleasant bower,
They felt themselves indeed a wretched pair,
And murmur'd that misfortune's cloud should lower
So early on their path, and that their hour
Of hope and joy so soon must pass away,
And leave their hearts in woe's relentless power!
Alas! they sigh for many a by-gone day,
Then rise to go, but deeper sigh, and lingering, stay!

Much tender converse held that mournful pair
Of joys departed and of present grief,
And what their future doubtful prospects were;
And sought, in burning vows, some slight relief,
Both bearing up — to thoughts of falseness deaf —
With one fond hope, that each would constant prove,
Though time — to youthful pride a dreaded thief —
Before they yet again should meet, might move
Their beauty far away, and all — excepting love!

But even love submits to God-sent fate ;
And so, at length, Alphonso tore away
From Jane ; though not before the hour was late,
And near the dawn of swift-returning day.
“ To distant lands,” he said, “ your lover ’ll stray,
And leave his fair and constant Jane behind ;
But, as I rove, for you I’ll often pray,
That Providence may prove to you most kind ;
And for myself, that I may stores of riches find.

“ And when sufficient I shall find to meet
Thy proud, misguided father’s stern demand,
I’ll quickly seek conveyance, safe and fleet,
And hasten to my loved and native land,
And claim of him, on equal grounds, thy hand.
Then will he yield his daughter to my prayer,
With smiling countenance and manners bland,
And I will guard thee with a husband’s care,
And thou shalt have my love, and shalt my riches share.”

He said no more, nor waited her reply ;
But quick from her and from the bower he hied,
Before the tell-tale morn should ope its eye.
And Jane — whose trusting heart full deeply sighed —
To gain her home and room, unnoticed, tried ;
And, when arrived, to Him her thanks she paid,
Whose eye alone her absence had espied ;
And there her long and earnest prayer she made,
That God in love would guard Alphonso as he stray’d.

What consolation's dearer than to know
That she who is our life and happiness,
And who enjoys our peace, or feels our woe,
Is daily asking Heaven our lives to bless?
What thought can better soothe our keen distress?
This cheering truth full well Alphonso knew ;
And when sad thoughts did sorely on him press,
And o'er him bitter gales severely blew,
He thought of Jane — her prayers — and that her heart
was true.

And thoughts like these had power to bear him on,
In hope, full many a tiresome day and night,
Beneath the scorching of a southern sun,
Or chilling moonbeams' dull and heatless light.
But as he onward moves, in active flight,
We'll wish him happiness, and turn to see
How fares his lady in her trying plight
Occasioned by misfortune's stern decree.
How bears that charming girl her weight of misery?

She mourned in solitude full many a long —
Alas ! how long — and dull and tiresome day !
Then struck her long-mute lyre, and woke a song,
To while her solitary hours away.
It was an unpremeditated lay,
Outgushing from her young, though joyless heart ;
But, oh ! a tribute 'twas she loved to pay,
And, as she sung, affection's tear would start,
And she would sigh to meet her youth, no more to part.

How frequently she wander'd forth, alone,
At evening's still and melancholy hour,
When through each tree the gentle breeze did moan,
And sigh o'er every shrub and fragrant flower ;
And sought her dear and love-remembered bower,
Where many times she'd sat with him who now
Was far away, and felt love's tender power,
While list'ning to each warm and thrilling vow,
Out-bursting from his lips, while smiles lit up his brow.

And while she thought her voice would not be heard,
Except by Him who justly reigns on high,
Her soul, with deep and tender memories stirr'd,
Would seek relief in many a long-drawn sigh,
And many tears down-trickling from her eye ;
Till hope would partly chide her fears away,
And bid her think the hour of meeting nigh.
Then would she wake the following simple lay,
In softened notes, accordant with the twilight, gray.

SONG.

"I had a friend — a faultless friend was he,
Or I so blind his faults I could not see.
He loved me as the virtuous love, but, ah !
He's now away o'er land and water far !

"I mourn his absence, here in solitude,
Where none can on my loneliness intrude
To tell me that my father's lands are wide,
And I my poor Alphonso should deride.

“Deride him? Never! No: I’ll not forget
The vows we but confirmed when last we met;
The kindness which — since each the other knew —
Has proved his heart affectionate and true.

“Oh! wealth-bestowing Fortune, crossing all
My hopes of joy! why hast thou built thy wall
Of mean distinction round my wretched name,
To interrupt affection’s holy flame?

“Or why should virtue meet unfeeling scorn
From those who deem themselves more nobly born?
False caste! by meanest pride contaminated;
By virtue always shunned, by Heaven hated!

“Let others love a worthless folly deem,
And think fair virtue is an empty dream —
Pursue the path where Mammon points the way;
I’ll think and sing of him whose footsteps stray.

“And though he tarry long, I’ll still prove true;
And if he die before his form I view,
My widowed heart will mourn his matchless worth
Until I rest beneath my mother earth.”

Another song, to suit her mood, had she,
Which she would sometimes chant — beneath the trees
Which woke her mind to blissful memory —
With notes of purest melody and ease,
Like seraphs’ anthems floating on the breeze.
And he who, unsuspected, heard her strain,
Would feel, so mighty was its power to please,
A wondrous inclination to remain,
Again to hear her voice in tuneful tones complain.

SONG.

“Though through this grove I wander lone,
In dark and dewy eve ;
My thoughts to mortals all unknown,
Or even that I grieve ;

“I well remember me the time
When at my side was one,
Untaught in vice — unknown to crime —
But, ah ! misfortune’s son !

“With me he walked this time-worn path,
With me he talked of love ;
With me he bore a father’s wrath ;
From me was forced to rove.

“O’er many ruthless billows tost,
His course perhaps has been ;
Perhaps to me he’s ever lost,
Beneath the waters, green.

“But, if he’s not, he home will hie
To seek his constant Jane,
Beneath his own New England sky,
And banish all my pain.

“Then quickly waft, ye pleasant gales,
My lover back to me ;
To view again these lovely vales,
And taste felicity.”

Thus oft the fair one sung, all soft and sweet,
Her heart's emotions to the silent night ;
Then would she leave her lone and loved retreat,
Composed, though sadness dimmed her eyes' mild light.
But though stern time's unheeding, onward flight,
The months and tedious, circling years rolled round,
Jane deeply felt the force of sorrow's blight ;
Nor more consolable her grief was found,
But still she coldly on each fawning courtier frown'd.

How true great Shakespeare's song is proved by some ;
" Love's not Time's Fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks — "
'Tis thus the sweet, immortal poet speaks —
" But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom ! "
But, ah ! a change each other object seeks ;
And e'en prosperity sinks down to gloom,
And glory, wealth and station find oblivion's tomb !

Thus with the father of our heroine ;
From his great wealth to poverty he fell ;
But how he fell, or through whose fault or sin,
Is not the purpose of my verse to tell,
Lest it my song — too long — should longer swell.
But his false pride was humbled in his fall,
And this, though hard, was fortunate and well.

But mark how those he thought his friends — how all
Flew from his side, like ships before a frightful squall.

Did all thus fly? Yes, all of those whom wealth
Had gathered round him in prosperity.
They scarcely deigned to ask him of his health,
Or prospects. Oh! 'tis sad indeed to see
How hollow friendship's heartless name can be!
Jane's father was not yet entirely curs'd,
He had remaining still his family;
And, now his eyes' dark bandages were burst,
He loved them best of all, and hated falseness worst.

Jane felt the change, not as the haughty feel;
She bowed in meek submission to her fate,
And still bestow'd her thoughts on others' weal.
She early was astir — retired she late —
Upon her household duties to await;
Forever pleasant — to each duty true —
She softer made her parents' adverse state,
And tempered down the bitter winds that blew,
And warded off the darts that would have pierced them
through.

Oh! then she thought — angelic girl — 'twas well
She had not left her parents at the time
When love's warm words seem'd nearly to compel
Her to commit — if crime — the doubtful crime.
Had she forsaken them, in youthful prime,
To gain thereby Alphonso's happiness
And hers — Oh! thought how tender and sublime!
Who now would make her parents' misery less,
Or soothe them in the season of their deep distress?

Then would her mind to her Alphonso turn,
And think how many hardships he must bear,
While wafted on, by Fortune's mandates stern,
Far from his home, without her friendly care.
But, lest we tire and lose our readers fair,
We'll now no more of this ; but change our theme
From Jane to her Alphonso ; so prepare
To read our second Canto through, nor dream,
By nightmare pressed, of murdered rhyme, and, frightened,
scream.

CANTO II.

"I knew but to obtain or die."

— *Byron.*

ALPHONSO left his early cherished land,
And soon was floating on the treacherous sea,
To a far distant, and less lovely strand —
The Indies — famed, if not in poetry,
In prose as true, for the facility
With which a fortune may be gathered there.
And as he saw his home receding, he
The following song low sung to simple air,
In tones expressing hope triumphant o'er despair.

SONG.

"America, land of my birth,
The dearest land of all on earth,
I bid a sad adieu to thee,
To dare the perils of the sea,
And seek, beyond its waves, a shore
Inviting to the hapless poor.
Thy plains and hills to me are dear,
And, at our parting, ask a tear

Of tribute to their loveliness,
To drop with those of keen distress ;
Distress, alas ! of deepest pang,
That stings me like a viper's fang !
For, ah ! with disappointments rife
Has been, and still may be my life !
But, Hope, arise ; bid darkness fly
Before the radiance of thine eye ;
And show the path where Virtue treads,
And Bounty her rich treasure spreads.
Then let me haste and seize the prize
Thus placed before my longing eyes.
Then may I quickly seek my home,
And meet my love, no more to roam.
Or should an unpropitious fate
Forever on my efforts wait,
Oh ! may the God of Heaven bare
His arm of power, and shield with care,
The one for whom I cross the main —
My lovely, fair and constant Jane.
Again adieu, a long adieu,
My native hills, that from my view
So fast are fading into air.
I feel that still my heart is there,
Though many a billow intervenes
Between my form and thy loved scenes
And her for whom I'm wandering ;
My love for whom imparts the sting
To absence, which I should not feel
But for my interest in her weal.
Ah ! long I may be far from you,
My home and love ; adieu, adieu."

'Twas thus he sung, in disconnected strain ;
While eve began to draw her vail of gloom
Around him, o'er the proudly heaving main,
Whose ruffian billows have become the tomb
Of many thousand men of hapless doom ;
And still roll on, unwearied, without rest,
High throwing up their foam with sullen boom ;
Remorseless as a jilt's vain, heartless breast,
Destroying man's most noble works as if in jest.

Upon the ship Alphonso was as one
Who loves to hold communion with the dead,
Or with the absent and the grieved alone.
Unknowing and unknown to all, he fled
Familiar intercourse with those who led
A life upon the wild and boundless deep ;
In loneliness and grief to bow his head,
And sometimes over pleasures past to weep,
Which, sweetly sad, in memory he loved to keep.

And long he thus his onward course pursued,
With varied, but still ever-pleasant wind ;
But, ah ! the sky grew dark — the ocean rude —
And the fierce hurricane, now unconfined,
With all the stormy elements combined,
Expended all its rage upon the frail
And trembling ship ; which caused the boldest mind
Among the vessel's crew with fear to quail,
While trouble was depicted on each visage pale.

In vain their skill in seamanship they tried,
To keep their vessel off the dead lee shore.
The waves she rode — no longer may she ride ;
The port she left — she may not enter more ;
For wildly round her do the breakers roar,
And o'er her decks with madden'd fury sweep ;
While through her sides the jets of water pour
Like angry tongues o' the life-devouring deep ;
As o'er the reef, from crag to crag, she's forced to leap !

Ah ! sad was that ship's fate. Of all she held,
Not even one escaped with life to land,
Except our hero. Him the waves propelled,
Through unknown ways, half dying, to the strand,
Where, with the little strength he could command,
A hold to good advantage he obtained ;
And when the waves rolled back — too weak to stand —
He clambered up, and higher shelter gain'd ;
Exhausted then, and prone, unconscious long remained.

But when returning life renewed his strength,
He slowly moved each stiffen'd limb with pain ;
And, gath'ring all his fortitude, at length
He feebly rose and look'd upon the main ;
Then scanned the spot that seemed his hope or bane.
It was an isle remote from other shore,
Where none the spark of life could long maintain ;
And, as he viewed its narrow surface o'er,
He sighed—" Oh ! shall I never leave this island more ? "

Oh ! here was solitude too deep for e'en
Alphonso's sad and melancholy soul !
And, as he thought upon his state, I ween,
Feelings too full for mortals to control
Surcharged his heart ; and, for a time, the whole
Of his strong energies to earth were bowed. .
But soon the waves of grief did backward roll ;
And broken was, by hope, the lowering cloud
Of dark despair, that erst hung o'er him like a shroud.

He looked about to find what way he best
Might means obtain, from land or rock or sea,
To keep his heart still beating in his breast ;
And, in his search, he found, full luckily,
Cast on the shore, a sight he joy'd to see,
Some ship provisions, which I better not
Describe to any grade of nicety,
As 'twould not help my stanza nor his lot ;
And, furthermore, I find I've partially forgot.

He saved it with a wise and prudent care ;
And then prepared, as best prepare he could,
To meet the dangers that might wait him there.
He made a fire, as every Crusoe should
Who can obtain a small supply of wood ;
And this Alphonso found upon the shore,
There wafted from the wreck, as was his food.
He cooked, of meat, to last two days or more
Enough ; but smoked it so it would not spoil in four.

When this was gone again a fire he lit
And more prepared ; and this he well could do,
For he, by chance, had saved, for service fit,
Of patent friction matches not a few,
Which shoreward floated when the billows threw
Him on that little, dreary, rock-bound isle.
Thus went Alphonso on the best he knew,
And time, as ever, onward went the while ;
And now gaunt Famine at its victim 'gan to smile !

His food was all consumed, and frequent showers
Which had, till now, for drink supplied him rain,
Came not ; and tedious passed away his hours
In watching o'er the gently heaving main,
If sight of passing ship his eye might gain.
At length in view appear'd a distant sail,
The which he watched till nearly blind with pain,
While nearer and more near, before the gale,
She came ; then lit a signal-fire the ship to hail.

The fire he made upon the highest rock,
And on it all his ruel high piled he ;
Lest all his hopes that gallant ship should mock,
And leave him still, surrounded by the sea,
Alone, to die in ling'ring misery.
The smoke now caught the sailor's watchful eye,
As o'er the main it wandered carefully,
And — " Land, ho ! Land, ho ! " rang the joyous cry ;
" Where away ? " " Right ahead ! " the sailor quickly made
reply.

Alphonso now a flaming brand waved high,
As signal, to the ship's crew, of distress ;
And, as they nearer drew, they could descry
His form and motions ; and full well could guess
That his was not a place of happiness,
But that he fain would be convey'd away
From wants and loneliness that did oppress,
To where starvation might no more dismay
His heart, as singled out an object for its prey.

A boat was sent, and from the isle was ta'en
Alphonso to a vessel's deck once more.
He found himself afloat upon the main,
And swiftly gliding from the little shore
Which never man had lived upon before —
Unless like him detained against his will —
And, as he hoped his greatest perils o'er,
Right glad he saw the flutt'ring canvas fill,
To bear him from the island far and farther still.

The ship which took Alphonso from the isle
Was an East-Indiaman, and outward bound ;
And joyfully did our good hero smile,
When, safely on the ocean's breast, he found
Himself again swift sailing towards the ground
For which he started, when from home he sped.
And as he viewed the heaving sea around,
And then the blue and boundless sky o'erhead,
He praised the God who had, midst woes, kind favors shed.

No heart such gratitude can feel, as he
Who oft has suffer'd sorrow sore and keen,
And been borne down by harsh adversity,
When on him breaks a ray of love, serene,
And when there comes, him and his woes between,
A well-timed blessing from God's gracious hand.
'Tis as a friendly shield should intervene
To save the fallen warrior from the brand
Upraised to give his life-blood to the thirsty sand.

Alphonso now his destined course pursued
Far on across the seaman's vast highway ;
Sometimes o'er calmy seas, and then o'er rude
And frightful mountain waves, that threw their spray
High o'er the deck, and threaten'd as their prey,
T' engulf that noble vessel and its crew.
But God who tempers to the lambs that play
Upon the hills, the storm, as on he flew,
Conducted him, in calm or storm, each danger through.

At length he reached the Indies, with its sun
Of burning heat, and health-destroying air ;
And then his operations were begun —
That erst he planned — for gathering riches there ;
Which were in wisdom all, and likewise fair.
But, as they suit not well my slow-toned lyre,
I'll not inform my readers what they were ;
But merely tell the curious who inquire,
That they were formed to compass well his chief desire.

This know. Whatever I may choose to write,
And you may bear to read, will all be true ;
That is, as true as any fiction, quite ;
And if you'll persevere to read this through ;
Which, now so near its end, I pray you do,
You'll know, what now perhaps you know as well,
That truth is strange, and strange is fiction, too.
'Tis truth that many novel writers tell,
Though part they hide, or else their books would never
sell.

It is not mine, with prosy verse, to show
How our Alphonso wrought, from day to day,
While in the far-famed Indies — though I know.
But, when a child, the aged used to say
I should not purchase wit to give away,
Nor all I know to other people tell ;
And now I'm older — view it as you may —
This same instruction in my brain will dwell,
And so, in verse, I keep back what I may as well.

But some things must be told. When several years
Had roll'd their days away, our hero found
That fortune had, by far, excelled his fears,
And that his coffers did with wealth abound.
He therefore settled up with all around,
And gave his business to a worthy hand ;
And then, embarking in a vessel sound,
He left the golden Indies' sunny strand.
And shaped his joyful course to seek his native land.

I might relate the perils of the deep
Which frequent on his passage did attend ;
How through the shrouds the fearful gales did sweep,
And threaten, in their frightful wrath, to rend
The rigging, bolts or planks in twain, and send
The ship and all on board to find a grave,
Where many men have met a hasty end,
Beneath the troubled ocean's briny wave ;
From which sad fate no arm but God's had power to save.

But let me hasten to conclude my song.
At length he came his native land to view,
From which he'd absent been these busy, long,
Sad years, since first he bade its shores adieu ;
And now his patriot spirit wakes anew —
Which long had partly slept within his breast —
As varied thoughts his mind passed quickly through,
And as his vessel plowed the billow's crest,
In song he briefly his emotions thus expressed.

SONG.

“ Hail, hail ! thou land that holds my love !
Thou noble land that gave me birth !
As Noah's ark was to the dove,
Thou'rt now to me — choice spot of earth !

“ And from my wanderings o'er the sea,
I turn to seek thy pleasant shore ;

And hope to meet my love and thee,
And never part from either more.

“Then speed me on, thou fresh'ning gale,
And cut the foam, thou gallant prow ;
And let me soon my lady hail,
And find her true to every vow.”

His wish was granted. Soon he near'd the port
From which, at first, he sailed ; and as he kept
His steady course on, past the friendly fort,
And saw the flag of freedom wave, he wept
Big tears of joy. His heart most wildly leap'd,
And nigh to bursting swell'd, as on he bore,
Drew nigh to land, and touch'd the wharf and stept,
All light and joyfully, upon the shore !
Oh ! feelings such as then, he ne'er had felt before.

Quickly to meet his lady-love he hied,
And found her humble dwelling, small but neat,
And at the door he met his bosom's pride —
His Jane — with maiden beauty all replete ;
Who asked him in, and proffered him a seat,
And earnestly his sunburnt features scanned,
Letting her eye his eager glances meet ;
Then cried, “'Tis he !” and grasp'd his offered hand,
And, turning towards her sire, both waited his command.

Expectant stood this faithful, lovely twain,
And fearful thoughts our hero's mind ran through,
Which filled his anxious heart with gnawing pain,
As burning love's corrosive doubtings do.
But, at her father's words, misgivings flew,
And radiant joy o'erspread his lofty brow —
A depth of joy unfelt except by few —
For obstacles appeared all conquer'd now,
And naught remained but to perform his cherished vow.

“Forgive, young man,” the humbled father cried —
As tears slow trickled down his furrow'd cheek —
“The obstinate, the base and foolish pride
Which made my sense of justice once so weak
That I the words of cruelty could speak,
Which drove thee from my dwelling and thy land,
A store of wealth on other shores to seek.
And now, as far as lies at my command,
Will I reward thy efforts with my daughter's hand.”

“Thanks, thanks!” Alphonso did exclaim,
“My heart is full, my happiness complete ;
My love is now requited, gained my aim ;
My hardships all have left me on the feet
Of airy Past, no more again to meet
Me on the ever-varied path of life ;
But joy, with rapturous heart, I now can greet,
And bid begone my heart's unequal strife,
Since Jane, my first and only love, shall be my wife.”

I.

There is a hall within our land ;
It is a goodly hall,
That doth contain a numerous band
Of people, great and small.

II.

Now sweetly breaks soft music's note
Throughout this spacious hall,
Like fairies' songs that gently float
Where silent moonbeams fall.

III.

Still higher peals the joyful sound,
Still deeper swells the song ;
And many eyes are beaming round
Amid the mirthful throng.

IV.

Why thrills with joy each burning breast ?
Why laughs each merry e'e ?
Why is, in every tone, expressed
The soul of harmless glee ?

V.

Two hearts of unison are wed !
The rest is very plain ;
The one Alphonso is, 'tis said ;
The other one is Jane.

My theme is through, my poem at an end ;
But still my ling'ring measure onward flows,
T' express a wish to each attentive friend,
And — if I've any — to my peevish foes.
Please not to criticise this piece in prose ;
But, if you wish to make my errors *plain*
And *show* how limpingly my stanza goes,
Just write your strictures in good Spenser's strain,
And you'll impart more pleasure to my heart than pain.

NOTE. The composition of the above poem was completed in 1848, more than forty years ago, when the author was in his twenty-third year. This accounts for the fact that Alphonso went to the East Indies to obtain a fortune. At a more recent date he might have done as well nearer home.

Aug. 13, 1889.

THE SIREN: AN ALLEGORY.

[Written in 1843, when the author was nearly eighteen years old.]

“ With her much fair speech, she caused him to yield.”

— *Bible.*

OH! heard you the sound of the Siren's soft voice,
That sings her false song so alluring and sweet,
And leads her ten thousands away at her choice,
Conducting them down to her cheerless retreat ?
She prowls o'er our land, from the North to the South,
And strings her mild harp to a tone unsurpassed ;
While silvery accents proceed from her mouth,
And Beauty's fair garb o'er her vileness is cast.
Beware of her music's unhallowéd charm !
For though it enraptures, 'tis only to woo thee ;
And winning she'll ruin ; so take the alarm,
And flee her delusion, before it undo thee !
The youth who has fallen, a warning shall be
To all in pursuit of the phantom of glory ;
To teach us from ruin to warily flee,
And shun the sad fate that gave rise to this story.

Within the precincts of our land,
Where men for freedom take their stand,

There lived a "youth of talents rare,"
Who made the crowds, bewilder'd stare,
And won from many praise.
His mental powers appeared sublime,
And while all others sought to climb,
With tiresome pace, up science' hill,
He seem'd to soar up, at his will,
Beyond the wonderer's gaze.

But, not content with powers untaught,
For their improvement hard he wrought.
His days and hours to toil he doom'd
And much of midnight oil consumed ;
His health he risk'd — his ease forsook,
For thoughtful poring o'er some book,
Or — in his own capacious mind —
Deep searching, meanings dark to find.
Alas ! with all these talents prime,
Here mentioned in my humble rhyme,
Ambition was his passion strong,
His fault, for praise of men to long.
When this is said, we know the worst
Of all his secret foes ;
But still remains to be rehearsed
The story of his woes.

On all around he cast his eye,
Saw many men, despairing, die ;
And, as he saw them thus depart,
It touch'd the feelings of his heart.

“Oh ! shall it be,” he musing said,
And hung, in silent thought, his head,
“That thus my fellow-men shall go,
By me unheeded, down to woe ?
Oh ! no : my God, forgive the pride
That turned my powers from right aside ;
And help me now the tide to brave
And seek the perishing to save.”
’Twas thus he prayed, and thus resolved ;
But soon, alas ! his vows dissolved.
How from his purpose high, he fell,
Shall be my task, in brief, to tell.
When fitted, as he thought, to win
Transgressors from the ways of sin,
And teach them in the path to go
That leadeth up from death and woe,
He went, obedient to his call,
And thinking not that he should fall,
With pity filled — with aim sincere —
To bravely work, unmoved by fear.
His sin was not in lack of love —
His courage would not fail to prove
Unquelled in conflict’s hour.
But flattery’s spell he’d never weighed —
Had never thought, or planned, or prayed
To shun the Siren’s power !

He barely entered his career
Ere he the Siren’s song did hear.

Just by ambition's golden gate,
Cheered by success — with hope elate —
Her station took the wily one
And woke her most seducing tone.
Her notes, melodious, full and strong,
Reëchoed sweetly, loud and long,
And riveted his ear.

A spell-bound listener, there he stood,
His every thought and purpose good,
And free from doubt or fear ;

Resolved to live a champion bold
For truth, as in the Bible told.
But, ah ! how blind and frail is man !
He little knew her artful plan,
Or song's enticing power.

He would have been securer, far,
Led on by truth's unerring star,
Had he, all heedless of her song,
Pursued his rapid way along
Beyond her charming bower !

Her songs, in full, I need not tell,
Nor why they pleased his ear so well.
Their import mine to briefly show,
That others may th' enchantress know.
With much that specious was, and fair,
She mixed her poison in, with care ;
And, by her winsome strains of song,
In angel phrase, she led him wrong.

She claimed the hope to "dwell in love
With all below, and all above ;"
Wished "jarring discords might be mute —
That Christians might no more dispute ;"
Desired that all on earth might hear
And heed the words to her so dear,
As uttered by her Master kind
When here he sought the lost to find.
"Their import was to follow peace,
And all men from distress release ;
Of every one to make a friend,
And, hence, take care and not offend.
Now this to do, with good success,
We must not all the truth confess ;
'Twere better truth should not be spoke
Than we should speak and thus provoke.
And now, my friend, if you refuse
To follow out my liberal views,
And still go on to preach the same
As preached by Paul, you'll lack fair fame ;
You'll cut the ears of sinners off
And but incite their bitter scoff.
The world with scorn will treat your course,
And words you speak will lose their force.
But if my wise advice you take
And love's sweet, soothing tones awake,
Nor touch, for once, th' offensive theme
Which none but wild fanatics dream,
Your standard many'll gather round,
Who now in ignorance are found ;

And then your great and glorious name
Shall be enrolled, in living flame,
Upon the highest peak of fame ! ”

’Twas argument like this she sung,
And pleased the preacher heard,
As charmingly around him rung
Each fair but fatal word.

He heeded not God’s firm command
That must for aye and ever stand,
Which says, “ Shun not thou to declare
All the commands that written are.”
He turned him round, and with her went,
A captive to whom Satan sent !
Well might the sea, at such a deed,
In wonder from its shores recede ;
The earth itself for sorrow groan
And shake itself from zone to zone !
Well might the sky turn bloody red
And utter “ *vengeance* ” overhead !

This man remained upon the earth
His years three score and ten —
Complacent in imagined worth —
Then died, like other men.

But, while he lived, his name was seen
Where’er the Siren’s foot had been ;
And he was ranked among the great
As one, indeed, above all hate,

Alike the worldings, and — what not?
In praise of him all else forgot.
“A man of love!” “A generous soul!”
And epithets like these did roll
From tongue to tongue ; or there or here,
Where'er he went they reach'd his ear.
Proud man ! to hear himself so praised —
His name above his fellows raised !
But was he thus content to live,
And all his powers ambition give ?
Did not his soul recoil within,
And conscience smite him for his sin ?
Content or not — he lived — he died —
And ne'er a nobler life-work tried.

When death, at last, had closed his eyes,
How great and dreadful his surprise —
As near the judgment seat he drew —
A frown upon the Judge to view !
These useless words he did repeat :
“You've taught your doctrines in my street,
And eat and drunk beneath my roof,
Thus giving, of my heirship, proof.”
The awful Judge, in justice stern,
The following answer did return :
“I never knew you ; never ! no ;
You must depart to dwell below !”

Now from his fate of whom we've heard,
Who punishment for sin incurred,

Let us be warned to guard our feet
With vigilance and care ;
And shun the Siren's false retreat,
And thus evade her snare.
For still she lives and plays her part,
And daily practices her art.
Much watchfulness it doth require,
And frequent, fervent, humble prayer,
To keep e'en strong ones from her power
From day to day — from hour to hour.
Her snares are set for all men's feet —
Her traps are hid in every street —
On every hill, in every dell,
Her harp and voice resound ;
And happy's he who, from her spell,
Escapes without a wound.

WE ARE TOLD.

WE are told, in story and tuneful song,
Of the carrier pigeon, so true and strong,
That will wing its way to its home afar,
As the needle turns to the polar star.

So the flame that springs in a true man's breast
Cannot find, 'mid strangers, a genial rest,
But will seek the home it has known and loved,
And the friends whose constancy time has proved.

FREEDOM AND HER DAUGHTER.

OR, AMERICA SAVED FROM TRAITORS.

A MERICAN Freedom, with terrible throes,
Gave birth to a nation, then sought for repose.
When toil-worn and weary, 'tis pleasant, she said,
To rest from the hardships of pain and of dread.
So down on the pillow of plenty she sank,
And pleasure's sweet waters she joyfully drank ;
And, while she there rested, unconsciously stole
Mild slumber's sweet stupor soft over her soul.
She dreamed of her daughter so great in her glory,
As chanted in song and related in story,
And proud swell'd her heart, with emotions of love,
While dreaming how faithful that daughter would prove.
So sweet were her dreams and her slumbers so deep,
'Twas feared that she never would wake from her sleep.

A fearful infection her daughter had caught,
So slow in its progress it seemed but as naught ;
But ceaselessly through her whole system it spread,
Until the plain symptoms were fearfully dread.

Her feet were nigh gangrened, and threatened to slough ;
And some of the doctors, indifferent enough,
Proposed, as a cure-all, to cut her in two,
As rash, thoughtless surgeons quite often will do.
The daughter, aroused by a project so mad,
And suffering much from the sickness she had ;
Still feeling her symptoms grow constantly worse,
Called loud for her mother to act as her nurse.
So Freedom, disturbed in her slumbers so sweet,
Rubbed open her eyes, and then sprung to her feet,
And flew to her daughter, with hearty good will,
To cure her complaint — and her doctors to kill.

A TEMPERANCE DREAM.

ALL people, I deem,
Are subject to dream,
When bound in the slumbers of night ;
And likewise, no doubt,
Uneasy without,
May guiltless their visions recite.

And all men should know —
And notice 'tis so —
That dreamers can never elect
The place or the time,
The measure or rhyme,
To dream with a proper effect.

But fancy plays tricks,
Not "reg'lar as bricks,"
And brings to the eye of a man
Things strange and confused,
To which he's unused,
To dream out the best way he can.

And if to a dream,
Howe'er it may seem,
Recital is given that's true ;
The jars and the breaks —
Apparent mistakes —
Will meet with indulgent review.

Reflecting like this,
I hope not amiss,
Has given me courage to tell —
Regardless of fear —
Each reader so dear,
A dream I remember quite well.

I dream'd: and, lo ! before my eyes
A vision passed which may surprise
The doubting sons of earth to hear,
If half I tell that did appear.

I thought I wander'd, lone and sad,
Depressed by many thoughts I had
Of folly, sin and guilty shame,
That greatly blight the human name ;

When, just before me in the way,
A poor, degraded drunkard lay ;
And over him a monster stood,
Whose mouth was deeply red with blood.
His paws were on the poor man's breast,
Which in the mud his shoulders pressed.
Within his jaws he held his head
And almost crush'd the sufferer dead.
Between his eyes, which flash'd with ire,
Were traced, in capitals of fire,
These glaring words, "*Fierce Appetite* ;"
That those who chose to read them, might.

I thought this monster was the devil,
Who'd come to hold a horrid revel
Around the victim of his power,
In darkness of the midnight hour.

The victim beckon'd for my aid,
And so I quickly towards him made,
For I could hardly bear to see
The man endure such misery ;
But thought to rescue him I'd try,
And not permit him there to die.

When I approach'd the warring twain,
To strive for right, with might and main,
The monster growled — his horns he shook —
And gave a most terrific look ;
But, still, my heart felt very bold,

And of his neck I took me hold !
He swung his tail and hit me, thwack !
Across my pained and shrinking back.
But, yet, the war I warmly waged,
And still he fought, and foamed, and raged.
At length I saw the blood and smoke
Come from his mouth ; and thus I spoke,
“ Let go your hold ! take off your paws !
And let the man forsake your cause ! ”

I thought the victory nearly won ;
For, ere my speech was hardly done,
He loosed his jaws, and closed his eyes ;
His head upraised ; but, oh ! what cries !
He opened wide his brazen throat,
And woke a most infernal note ;
And hoarsely roared, with all his might,
For aid to help him in the fight !
But this, at first, produced no fear,
For sure, thought I, hell can't be near,
And who, of all the sons of earth,
Will aid the devil in his mirth
Held o'er a weak and erring sot,
And thus his name forever blot ?
But, while my heart with hope beat high,
I o'er my shoulder cast an eye,
And there I saw, I blush to tell !
No demon from the lower hell ;
But, running swift as he could come,
A seller of the poison, rum !

The monster took fresh courage now,
The cold sweat stood upon my brow,
I looked upon the drunkard, low,
And grieved to leave him struggling so ;
But once again, a hasty glance
Showed how the rummy did advance,
And terror seized my troubled heart,
And made me from the field depart !
With hurried steps, away I ran,
And left the weak and groaning man.
The fiend, alone, I had not feared ;
But when the man of rum appeared,
One of the pit — one of the bar —
I thought would give unequal war !
And if my friends should feel inclined
To think that I've a timid mind,
And call me "coward " not to stand
And grapple with them, hand to hand,
I hope you'll check your rising frown,
And keep your indignation down,
Nor doom my name to dire disgrace ;
For if, in sleep, I dared to face
The devil, single and alone,
I think it is not fully known
But that I might, when wide awake,
The daring business undertake
To meet both him and his allies,
And save a man before their eyes.

ODE TO PEACE.

O PEACE, I prize thy soothing power,
And hail with joy the tranquil hour;
When I can rest beneath thy wing,
And of thy secret pleasures sing.

Thy voice is soft — thy music sweet —
Thy dwelling is the lone retreat ;
And seldom dost thou leave thy glen
To visit the abode of men.

Their hearts, alas ! are full of strife ;
And thou'lt refuse to lead thy life
'Mid scenes by them made desolate ;
'Mid wrecks which thou must ever hate.

But, if a soul of deeper thought,
Observes, by scenes of ruin taught,
That Peace dwells not with striving men,
And leaves the crowd, and seeks thy glen ;

Thou wilt not fly before his tread,
As if possessed of sudden dread ;
Nor wilt thou hide in gloom away,
Beyond the searching eye of day ;

But thou'lt invite him to thy bower,
And on his head thy blessings shower ;
And he may dream with thee alone,
That war and strife from earth have flown.

He may forget the care — the woe —
With which our days abound below ;
And, fill'd with joy, in thy embrace
May wish to end his earthly race !

Then let the sons of earth aspire,
With hearts by passion set on fire,
To mount, by aid of skill and might,
Ambition's lofty, tottering height ;

But give to me the wild, lone dell,
Where tasteful Peace doth choose to dwell ;
Where I can hear the strain that rings
From Nature's harp of thousand strings.

There I'll indulge my pensive mood,
Beneath the overspreading wood ;
Or, compassed by the grassy green,
Beneath the sun without a screen.

There will I think my sorrows o'er,
And thank my God that I've no more.
There will I hope that joy may dawn,
And bid dull cares from me begone.

There will I bless the power of Peace
That bids my warring passions cease,
And calms the throbbings of my mind,
And makes me to my lot resigned.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

B EYOND the narrow verge of time,
Beyond the sea of life,
There is a fair and blissful clime
Exempt from pain and strife.

The Sun of Righteousness doth grace
That happy land of rest ;
And half the glories of the place
Can never be expressed.

But feeble men who trust in God,
And serve him here below,
Shall, when they leave this earthly clod,
To heavenly mansions go.

Then rise, my soul, temptations flee,
And choose the path of love ;
That, when Jehovah calls for thee,
Thy home may be above.

THE OLD COT.

I KNOW an old cot, on a hill's bleak side,
And near to a village of wealth and pride ;
Whose weather-gray walls might not lure the eye
Of haughty and gay ones who travel by ;
But, when by that cottage I musing stand,
My heart doth with rapturous joys expand ;
For 'neath that loved roof doth a fair one dwell,
Whose heart chooses truth, for she loves it well.

Let others admire, in a lofty tone,
The home in which dwelleth the jewelled one,
And sing to the praise of the rich and fair
Whose thoughts are as light as the buxom air ;
But give to my vision the old, gray cot,
And give to my heart, as its happy lot,
The pleasant-eyed maiden whose soul is truth,
Whose form is all beauty, whose face all youth.

[Summer of 1848.]

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

[After the prose of Dr. Johnson.]

WISE Ortogrul of Basra slept —
Reclining in his chair —
And o'er his soul a vision crept,
As he was sleeping there.

His mind had been, as we are told,
Much "tumbled up and down,"
In thinking how he might get gold,
And honor, and renown.

Six months his thoughts had dwelt on this,
In constant, feverish pain ;
As if the very height of bliss
Were found in earthly gain.

No wonder, then, that as he slept —
Reclining in his chair —
A vision o'er his spirit crept,
To teach him lessons rare.

He dreamed he ranged a desert land,
To find the secret art
By which he might at will command
The wealth to fill his heart.

As on the summit of a hill,
Beneath the cypress shade,
He stood in doubt, alone and still,
To venture on afraid,

His father's form, in outlines clear,
And look and features mild,
Before him sudden did appear,
And on him kindly smiled.

"O Ortogrul," the old man said,
"The troubled thoughts I know,
Which fill with care thy aching head,
And touch thy heart with woe.

"Oh! listen, then, son of my pride;
Direct thy searching look
To yonder lofty mountain's side,
— And read, as in a book.

"Behold the raging torrent leap
And rush and foam and pour,
In wildest fury, down the steep,
With hoarse and deafening roar!

"Next turn thine eye to yonder vale
Which lies between the hills;
Behold the brook which ne'er will fail,
Supplied by living rills.

“ Now wilt thou have thy riches pour
In torrents on thy head ;
Or slow accumulate in store,
By silent increase fed ? ”

“ Let me be quickly rich,” he cried —
Th’ impatient, eager son —
“ I would not longer be denied,
Let golden torrents run ! ”

“ Once more, my son, around thee look,”
His father did exclaim ;
He turned his eyes and saw the brook
Meandering still the same,

And filling, with its water clear,
A lake both deep and broad ;
Which to the eye did sweet appear —
A sight to please a lord.

As for the noisy torrent’s course,
’Twas dry and dusty, quite ;
As if the flood, in mighty force,
Had done a work of spite.

And now the feverish, dreaming youth
Awoke with sudden start ;
But well his mind had learned the truth
His vision did impart.

“No more I’ll long for gold,” cried he,
“In hasty, violent streams ;
I’ll gather wealth by industry,
As best and wisest seems.”

This resolution, acted on,
Soon brought forth ample fruit ;
He had a splendid mansion done,
And every thing to suit.

Then flatterers thickly pressed around,
Their pleasing arts to try ;
And, humbly bowing to the ground,
Extolled him to the sky.

But leisure made him tired of self,
And filled him with unrest ;
His riches seemed but useless pelf
For which he felt no zest.

And flattery failed him, as his gold,
And left him still to sigh ;
Because his heart his failings told,
Without a cloak or lie.

“Let no man seek in wealth,” he cries,
“For happiness and ease,
Who is already quite too wise
For flattering words to please.”

THE RUMSELLER'S SOLILOQUY.

WHENCE come these horrid dreams that do disturb
My rest, and wake me from my flurried sleep?
Why do I hear those shrieks of terror wild,
From wives maltreated through the curse of rum?
Why hear those children's hopeless cries, as from
The chilling blasts in vain they shelter seek?
Why do I, in my dreams at night, behold
Those ragged boys, with feet exposed to snow,
Contending for a dry and mouldy crust?
Why see, so oft, the murdered offspring lie,
All marred, beneath the drunken father's club?
Why see the wife, half naked, fly from him
Who should protect and succor her from harm,
To seek a shelter, from the nightly storm,
Beneath the roof of some unsightly shed?

Last night, the cold, north wind came rushing forth,
And on its wings there rode dark, threat'ning clouds
Which freighted were with rain and snow and hail,
That, on my window, loud and dismal beat,
And sounded woful to a man like me!
I scarce had closed my wearied eyes in sleep
Before I thought myself within a cot,
Where I beheld a careworn mother sit,

With coarse and scanty clothing covered o'er ;
Surrounded by her hungry little ones,
Who oft with earnest look requested food.
Then would their mother turn her face away,
To hide the tears that trickled down her cheek.
" I wish," the eldest of the children said,
" That father'd come, and bring, as he was wont
Long time ago, some bread for us to eat.
And he would smile, and take one on his knee,
And talk to us in soft and pleasant tones.
Oh ! then how happy we all used to be !
But now he never brings us aught to eat,
But on us frowns and drives us from him far."
And, as he said the last, I mark'd how they
All drew up closer to their mother's side,
Turned pale, and looked, affrighted, to the door !
The sight was more than I could, sleeping, bear ;
And I awoke ; but strove in vain to drive
From memory thoughts of what I'd dreaming seen :
For still they crowded through my mind ; and still
I saw, depicted on the mother's brow,
The anguish of her soul, oppressed with grief ;
And her young offspring's touching look of woe.
And e'en tonight the thoughts forsake me not.
Awake or sleeping, still, alas ! I see
The children doorward cast a hasty glance
Of terror, fearing that their father'll come,
And scatter all that's left of peace, away !
Oh ! what should thus my peace of mind disturb ?
Keen conscience, give, oh ! give my soul release !

A DREAM.

WHILE resting on an easy bed of hope,
Unmoved by any sickening thought of grief,
And thinking not — for yet I little knew
Of life's vicissitudes — that love, though sweet
To taste, is often mixed with bitter dregs
Of jealousy and foul deceit ; more oft
Is but the prelude, dark and dread, to woe
And many hours of painful bitterness ;
My dreams were pleasant, mostly filled with joy.
But, ah ! as thus I all unconscious lay,
My mind exploring distant fields of hope,
A thoughtful, reverend form stood by my couch,
And, gazing anxious on my youthful face,
Appeared to mourn for grief unknown to me.
With pity touched I viewed the aged form,
And longed to learn the sorrow of his heart.
“ Oh ! wouldst thou know,” the pensive stranger said,
“ The grief in store for youthful innocence ?
Then look on yonder crowded stage, and learn.”
I looked, and, lo ! a stage of vast extent
I saw, on which paraded every vice,
And also all the virtues found on earth !
I looked them o'er with hurried, troubled eye,
And greatly wondered at the sight I viewed.

The thousand, thousand wondrous things I saw,
I must forbear to tell ; but, of the course
Of two, I shall inform attentive friends.
These two were young in years and beautiful.
The one the airs of female grace displayed ;
The other's form was manly, and his heart
Was noble, just, upright and true. They both
Were such as should have shunned deception's road.
I saw them meet and shake the hand of love ;
While o'er their features stole a brilliant glow,
Which proved that well they prized the happy hour.
I saw while each with other did converse
On theme too high for pen like mine to touch.
Again these two, with anxious eye, I viewed,
As near to them the hour of parting drew.
Oh ! what display of heart-felt tenderness !
What deep regret at fortune's stern decree !
But yet what fortitude was shown by one,
What overcharged ado the other made !
I marked all well. I saw him shake with her
The parting hand, and wander far away.
I watched him till his form was lost to view ;
Then closed my eyes upon the scene, and thought
Such depth of love will surely stand the storms
Of earthly birth, and demons' raising, too !

“ A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.”

The youth returned again upon the stage,
And sought the maid to claim her as his own.

Her well-known form attracted soon his eye ;
He flew to press her to his faithful breast —
A glance of coldness was her sole reply !
That glance — what power ! It stopped him in his course ;
His ardor ceased, and ashy paleness crept
His noble features o'er ; but lofty was
His look, as from her sight he turned away.
I watched him in his rapid, onward course.
He turned not back, though oft he sighed “ as 'twere
The heart would break ; ” but still he hurried on.
I saw him on the eminence of fame,
Where Envy's thunders harmless rolled below ;
But still I saw, upon his honored brow,
The impress of that cold and heartless glance !
I looked again for her who caused his grief,
But saw her not, for mists hung where she stood.

1844.

THE WEATHER-VANE.

THE quickly-turning weather-vane
Is often called a fickle thing ;
But I can easily explain
Its constancy in wandering.
'Tis ever faithful to its trust,
And teaches men the breeze's course ;
And shows the whiffing of each gust
That strikes it with its reckless force.

Within its sphere it never lies,
But ever moveth true and just ;
And though the world against it cries,
Yet I dissent, and ever must.

If man to man would prove as true
As proves the vane to every gale ;
The earth would be an Eden new,
Relieved of misery's heart-sick wail.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN the autumn winds shook
The dry leaves from the wold,
By the side of a brook
In deep sadness there strolled
A lady all lovely and mild —
But Sorrow's poor, suffering child.

The meandering brook
Gurgled mournfully by,
But more mournful the look
Of her dark, piercing eye ;
And doubly more mournful the trace
That weeping had left on her face.

Then I asked of her grief
In considerate tone ;
But her answer was brief,
And expressed with a moan :
“ Ah me ! there’s a weight on my soul —
My husband has turned to the bowl ! ”

AFTER A TEMPEST.

AN hour ago dark clouds upon us frowned,
And Nature trembled at the thunder’s sound.
But now the glorious sun has cast its light
Upon the clouds which scatter in their flight,
And Nature smiles at its returning smile ;
Let human hearts, therefore, rejoice the while.
May not the thinking mind a lesson gain
From lightning, thunder, frowning clouds and rain ?
We see them spend their fury, pass away,
And leave the earth more verdant, fresh and gay.
’Tis thus with man. A season he may feel
Oppression’s grip, and Envy’s poisoned steel ;
But soon the sun of truth will burst the cloud
That o’er his hopes has cast a dark’ning shroud ;
And he may stand, in honest pride upright,
Beyond the reach of hateful Envy’s blight.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BROWN JUG.

O H! my neighbor's brown jug, what a theme !
It is not the wild, fanciful dream
Of some poet whose mind roves afar,
To the scenes or of love, or of war.
Oh! no; but the real, identical rum-jug
Which oft has been filled up and drain'd, and no humbug.

Let's away with all fiction and lies,
For the truth is preferred by the wise ;
So we'll sing of the jug and its fate,
And a word of its power relate,
That others may learn, from the words of our measure,
To sense both the pain it has caused, and the pleasure.

Once my neighbor, alas! would "get high,"
On the drink in his jug carried by ;
And his wife, and his little ones all,
Were but slaves to the rum tyrant's call.
The sight of his rum-jug was then a deep sorrow,
As *keen as today*, and as *long as tomorrow*.

But, since Temperance bears its mild sway,
The old jug is put careless away,
And the wife and the children are dressed
As they should be, and kindly caressed ;
Which shows that my neighbor is carefully keeping
His money and health, while his appetite's sleeping.

Now the jug is all covered with dust,
And his family see it, and trust,
As the thicker and thicker it grows,
They are safe from king Alcohol's woes ;
And never, no *never* will they lift their hands
To wipe off the dust, while the jug empty stands.

THE ROSE.

IN yonder meadow, green,
Where slowly winds a brook,
A lovely rose was seen,
Of bright though modest look.

But forth the mowers went,
With scythes just sharply ground,
Which through the grass they sent
With lively, whizzing sound.

Near to the rose they drew
And saw its modest face,
All covered with the dew,
The queen of all its race.

But yet they spared it not,
But cut it to the ground ;
Nor cared if there, forgot,
It lay and ne'er was found.

A youth, in careless glee,
That way was passing by,
And on the ground did see
The rose, all faded, lie.

He picked it up and read
A lesson from its fate.
" This faded rose," he said,
" Declares our mortal state.

" Full oft a human flower
With beauty for its shield,
Upspringeth in an hour ;
As soon its life doth yield.

" Though Pity cries out, ' Spare !
For beauty there doth dwell !'
Stern Death will not forbear ;
He'll still the carnage swell.

“Then may I strive to live
Near Jesus every day ;
And may my God forgive
And wash my sins away,

“That, when I droop and die,
My soul may not despair ;
But soar to Heaven on high,
And dwell forever there.”

THE SURPRISE.

THE sun had settled to his bed,
The twilight's lingering rays had fled,
And moon and stars, with mellow light,
Were cheering up the face of night.

With happy children, one, two, three,
Around us full of life and glee,
We sat and talked, with pleasant cheer,
Upon the eve that closed the year.

When, hark ! there came, with tramp and roll,
A sound to rouse one's quiet soul !
What *could* it be ? what *could* it mean ?
What from the door might now be seen ?

So out we glanced to get a sight
Of what was taking place that night.
A troop of men and women, too,
A row of carriages in view,

And sundry things unmentioned here,
Before our front door did appear.
And, while we looked with wondering eyes,
We each to each expressed *surprise*!

Nor felt we less when in there came
More friends than we have room to name ;
In numbers something more than forty,
A kind, though *unexpected* party.

A cheerful, wise and reverend man,
With fitting ease, led on their van,
And, in a speech both brief and kind,
Told the intent of those behind.

Then there were greetings, warm and true,
And friendly chat familiar grew ;
And there were served tea, cake, and pie,
To suit the taste and please the eye.

But soon had passed the hours of eve,
And many thought 'twas time to leave.
So, gathering round their pastor there,
He led them in their evening prayer.

And then the happy *party parted*,
But left us here all cheerful hearted ;
For, with their love, they left behind
Such gifts as useful we shall find.

And we this method do improve
To thank them for their GIFTS and LOVE ;
And pray the Lord on each to pour
His blessings, now, and evermore.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN winds of sorrow fiercely blow
Athwart our pathway here below,
And force the tears to fill our eyes,
And load our lonely hours with sighs ;
When o'er the world's expanse we look,
View foes we once for friends mistook,
And see them use the slanderer's arts
To wound our names and grieve our hearts ;
When bold-faced Impudence doth stare,
Disdain the smiles of Scorn doth wear,
And coward Envy slyly tries
To back the slanderer's cutting lies ;
When stormy clouds obscure our sky,
And all our hopes in darkness lie ;
Oh ! then a faithful friend is dear,
Who'll not forsake, who's ever near,
Who's ever ready to uphold
The truth before a frowning world.

THE EPITAPH.

WHEN I am lowly laid among the dead,
If friends should cut in stone above my head
Some lines, a record of my life to bear,
What would I choose to have recorded there?

Not that I held o'er lands and people sway,
Or trampled in the dust my brother clay
On battle-fields of fierce and gory strife,
Where many a victim yielded up his life;

Or that I held within my greedy hands
The title-deeds to broad and valued lands,
Or rich investments, all secure and fair,
That stamped my titled name a millionaire.

No! naught like these. But let the lines relate
Some acts devoid of selfishness or hate;
Some words of saving truth from tongue or pen;
Some Christ-like deeds performed for needy men;

So that the passer-by who sees the lines,
Amid the clinging moss or tangled vines,
May feel his heart allured to sweetest aims
And roused to answer life's benignant claims.

BEARING BURDENS.

FULL hard may seem the toils of life
To every tired and burdened soul
Who struggles in the ceaseless strife,
As Sorrow's tempests o'er him roll
With force that fain he would control.

If thou but see the darker side
The gloom will settle on thee, deep,
And thou wilt feel the bitter tide
Of fearful doubtings o'er thee sweep,
And doubtless thou wilt groan and weep.

Take courage, friend, and look above ;
Thou'lt see a Helper all divine,
A Father's face that beams with love,
And thou shalt know His strength is thine ;
Nor wilt thou o'er thy lot repine.

A TEMPERANCE HYMN.

TOUCH not, touch not the tempting wine !
There's woe to him who madly sips
The poisoned nectar of the vine,
Drink fit for only demons' lips !

'Tis true the liquor may allure
The once corrupted appetite,
And love of pleasure may assure
The conscience that "to drink is right."

Your friends may urge you to partake
The drunkard's soul-destroying drink,
Not thinking that, by this, you break,
Of virtue's chain, a golden link.

Heed neither friends, nor pleasure's call ;
But dash the damning cup away,
Or ere beneath its power you fall
And feel its black and burning sway !

For in the cup, concealed from sight,
There lies the fatal adder's sting ;
And he who drinks will feel the bite
Which thoughts of guilt and ruin bring.

AN ACROSTIC.

HIGH heaven should be our destined place,
Eternity our joyful theme ;
No reckless hand could then efface
Religion's joys like flitting dream.
Youth is a time by far the best

Such heavenly happiness to gain.
My friend, then pray secure thy rest ;
It will protect from endless pain.
The thing to yield is harmful sin ;
Heave, then, the poison from thy soul !

Vice naught can do but plunge you in
A pit where waves of sorrow roll.
United, then, in heart to God,
Go forth a champion in his cause ;
He'll teach thee, by his gracious word,
No more to break his holy laws.

MUSINGS.

ONCE on a time, at close of day,
When earth was mantling o'er with gray ;
And stars began to twinkle bright,
And lighten up the gloom of night ;

I wandered slowly through the wood
And by the margin of a flood,
Where many times I'd strayed before,
To watch the waves and list their roar.

I leaned against an aged tree,
And thought of earth's inconstancy.
The scenes of years departed, flew
Before my mind's reflective view.

Is nothing true? I musing asked ;
 Is friendship but deception, masked ?
 Is love a hollow, sounding name,
 As empty as the breath of fame ?

There came an answer to my heart
 That made my darkened thoughts depart :
 " True friendship's far above our praise,
 And love's a gem of purest rays ! "

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

" Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb. "

— *Robert Burns.*

I fain would write, but, ah ! I cannot tell
 The feelings that within my bosom dwell !
 What deep and wild emotions swell along
 The fountains of my life, with impulse strong !
 What strange commotions rack my heart with woe,
 Like ocean-waves, when fierce tornadoes blow !
 What doubtful thoughts have gnawed affection's core,
 Until I fear that I shall hope no more.
 Oh ! must it be ? has life for me no day
 Of sunny loveliness, to drive away
 The gloom that hangs, with threatening aspect, round
 My hopes, involving them in night profound ?
 Oh ! have my joys all vanished into air ?
 Will Hope depart and leave me in despair ?
 One glorious star its cheerful rays doth lend
 To light my path — 'tis Christ the sinner's Friend.

THE RAPPINGS.

O H hark ! I hear a constant rapping,
A clear, yet soft and gentle tapping,
But not of spirits, dread !
It is my heart so steady beating,
The while my very soul is heating,
And thoughtful is my head !

I'm feeling, thinking, deeply musing
Upon the sin of men in choosing
To make, or sell, or drink
That poison — alcoholic liquor —
Which makes man's lamp of reason flicker,
His all in ruin sink !

I'm thinking of that wife so lonely,
Now watching by her child — her only—
In anguish of her soul ;
And waiting, listening for, and dreading
The husband's, father's, drunken treading,
Returning from the bowl !

I feel for her who yields, so trusting,
Her heart to more than dagger's thrusting,
By marrying a man
Who'll not leave off, for her, his drinking ;
While she is hoping — fondly thinking —
“ At any time he can.”

I'm musing on that weeping mother
Whose hopes intemperance doth smother,
 And drown in rum or wine ;
And on her once-fair son, now haggard
And, by the drink of poison, beggar'd,
 And brought below the swine !

I think of children, fathers, mothers ;
Of wives and husbands, sisters, brothers ;
 Of friends and lovers true ;
Whose hopes and joys, by liquor-drinking
Have been destroy'd ; and who are sinking
 In sin and misery, too.

And, oh ! I'm thinking and I'm feeling,
Thoughts, passions, deep beyond concealing,
 Yet more than I can tell ;
Of them who madly go on selling
That which the tide of death is swelling,
 And sending souls to hell !

Oh yes ! I hear a constant rapping,
A clear, yet soft and gentle tapping,
 But not of spirits, dread !
It is my heart so steady beating,
The while my very soul is heating,
 And thoughtful is my head !

NIGHT MUSINGS.

DARK night's impressive shades now hold their sway,
And drive afar the busy scenes of day.
The moon, which rose at eve and shone so bright,
Now vainly strives to yield her silvery light ;
For gathering clouds obscure her face so pale,
And draw, 'twixt us and her, a darkening veil.
I hear the stormy night-wind's dismal roar ;
Then let me put in tune my harp once more,
And touch, again, its strings of solemn sound,
And cause its answering echoes to resound.

While thousands now lie bound in slumber's chains,
Their roving minds exploring dreamy plains,
And other thousands, led by passions wrong,
Join with the sons of Bacchus in their song,
I seize the flying hour to write my thoughts
On themes of sense, although of divers sorts.

Before the first created couple fell,
Allured to ruin by the prince of hell ;
Nor storms above, nor fears of death below,
Disfigured earth, or filled her sons with woe.
But now the clouds which hang beneath the sky,
And veil the shining stars from human eye —

The thunders loud, which in their bosom roll —
The lightning's flash which starts the timid soul —
To every man's inquiring mind, reply
That "all have sinned, and all for sin must die !"

Sad tidings, wafted by the changeful breeze,
From lands of clustering fruit and verdant trees,
And lands where ice and snow perpetual dwell,
Alike the mournful tale to mortals tell,
That vengeful man will war against his brother,
And each will strive, with zeal, to slay the other !
Sad is the thought that proud and boastful man
Will not avoid the evils which he can.

As if his heart desired increase of woe,
He harbors in his breast a deadly foe,
By giving place to passion's base desire ;
Thus treasuring wrath against the day of ire !
"But is there none," some startled soul may say,
"On earth, but those whom words like these portray ?
Are there not some who 'weep with those that weep ?'
Some who, for friends departed, vigils keep,
Although removed from mortal's narrow ken ?"
If not, despairingly, I'd drop my pen !
But some there are who "mourn with those that mourn,"
And, at the sight of grief, their hearts are torn.
The power of Christ, through gospel tidings spread,
A saving influence, mild and sweet, has shed
On many hearts, and changed their cruel pride
To care that good to others may betide ;
And, here and there, is found a Pythias, still,

Who will, to save his friend, his life-blood spill !
But, though the gospel truth has sounded wide,
To many people, far on every side,
And wrought its mighty changes, grand and true,
Thus forming many hearts and lives anew ;
Still kindly Christian men are few, indeed,
Compared with those who cause our hearts to bleed,
When we are forced to see their wicked deeds —
The fearful fruit that springs from evil seeds.
'Tis true the thoughts of man we cannot know ;
But actions from within, as fruitage grow ;
If *these* are *only evil*, then 'tis proved,
The carnal, sinful heart is not removed.

Fain would I now, with joy, proceed to raise
To God on high a grateful song of praise
And thanks, for grace of which no tongue can tell
In full, though angels might the anthem swell !
But I am warned that night will have an end ;
The eastern sun its morning light will send,
And drive the darkening shades of gloom away,
Before the slow approach of coming day.
As I would slumber, I must cease my song,
Or else, too wakeful, I may chant too long.
But one desire I'll offer — long or short —
It is a thing by every Christian sought,
I think by every friend of man. As night
Disperses from before the morning light,
So may the light of gospel truth dispel
The moral gloom, and sinners save from hell.

FROM SELF TO GOD.

'T WAS autumn, that impressive season when
All nature, fading 'neath the breath of frost,
Proclaims the solemn truth to wayward men
That they must likewise fade, their hopes be cross'd.
I wandered forth, in deep reflection lost,
To where the chestnut lifts its fruitful head,
Which long hath stood, though oft by tempests tost,
Whose dry and lifeless leaves were thickly shed,
To form a crispy carpet for the walker's tread.

Nor was the chestnut, lofty tree, alone ;
For thick around, with varied size and name,
The many trees, with dying beauties shone !
There was the maple, with its leaves of flame,
Likewise the oak which seemed to blush with shame ;
And there the pine, unchanged by Fall's cold glance,
Like hearts that beat for friendship more than fame,
The solitude's enchantment did enhance,
And work the youthful mind into a thoughtful trance !

The sum of human life to weigh I sought ;
Inquired the worth of things above, below ;
The things of time and things eternal brought
In close review, the worth of each to know.
And as I paced the ground, with footsteps slow,
I pondered where my course of life should lie ;
Should I, for love of sin, the hope forego
Of all the best of earth, and all on high ?
And thus, alas ! myself eternal good deny ?

And, as I walked and thought beneath the trees,
It seemed a floating speck on space was I,
On driv'n, by every wild, capricious breeze,
Through vastness deep as is the boundless sky,
Unguided and unknown, except the eye
Of Him whose sight, or power, no limit knows,
Should kindly guide me from His throne on high !
And then I turned from self, and sin-bred woes ;
And, since that time, my trust in God unceasing grows.

TO ELEANOR. IN HER ALBUM.

EVER be true to the faith you've professed ;
Look to the Savior for comfort and rest ;
Even in danger's most threatening hour
Always confide in God's wisdom and power,
Never distrusting his goodness and love,
Or, for once, doubting, as onward you move.
Rest he will give you in mansions above.

THE LILY.

I SAW a fair lily its whiteness unfolding,
And many admirers its beauty beholding ;
I thought it the portrait of innocent youth,
The mirror of constancy, virtue and truth.

Two days passed away and I sought it anew,
Its freshness and beauty again to review ;
But, ah ! the vile worm had been gnawing its heart ;
No charm to my soul could the lily impart.

I thought 'tis the same with some fair ones of earth ;
They rise in their beauty, sincerity, worth,
And spread, all around, the bright charms of their grace,
Till, basely, some worm of deception doth trace

Dark lines of inconstancy over their hearts,
And frankness and worth are displaced by false arts !
So vilely deceived, they as vilely deceive,
And woe to the hearts which their falsehoods believe.

RIGHT LIVING.

SOME men there are who seem so selfish
They oft remind us of the shell-fish,
Which lie upon the shore,
And drink the flowing tide,
And listen to its roar,
Nor care for aught beside.

Not so, my friend, shall you and I
Permit ourselves at rest to lie,
Refusing selfish ease
Or comfort to resign,
The saddened heart to please,
The drossy to refine.

Oh, no! we must "be up and doing,"
The danger daring — labor wooing —
Out-reaching quick a hand
To raise the weak and low,
To help the feeble stand,
To hasten on the slow.

If thus we do, our lives shall prove
A work of earnestness and love ;
And, when shall close life's day,
We shall have left behind —
What ne'er shall know decay —
A power to bless mankind.

THE SINKING SHIP.

L OUD is the troubled ocean's roar ;
The night is dark, the waves run high ;
The wrathful clouds their fury pour,
And dismal is the night-bird's cry.

Far out upon the ocean's tide,
With broken spars and tattered sail,
A ship with impetus doth ride
Before the strong and fearful gale.

The thunders roll, the lightnings flash,
And paint with fiery veins the sky ;
The mighty billows roughly dash,
And o'er the vessel madly fly !

The seamen now with fear are weak ;
For, straining in the wind and wave,
Their vessel springs a fatal leak
And settles to her ocean grave !

Upon the deck, with hands upraised,
The crew, with death confronted, stand,
Astonished, troubled, sore amazed,
And long to see some friendly land.

But, oh ! they gaze and hope in vain !
Forever is the sight denied.
Their eyes but meet the heaving main
Extending far on every side.

On this, awhile, they wildly stare,
In consternation deep and dread ;
Then loudly shriek one frantic prayer,
And quickly sink among the dead.

Down in the awful depths they sleep,
Without a stone to mark their bed ;
And parents, brothers, sisters weep,
For them, the tears which grief must shed.

LIVE AND LEARN.

ALL men must learn of wrong and right
From lessons dark and lessons bright,
And thus are formed the heart and mind
The higher plains of life to find.

Mow not the grass that's in the swath ;
Spin not the wool that's in the cloth ;
The moment gone will not return ;
Expended fuel ne'er will burn.

"It might have been," the poet cries,
"It might have been," the sad one sighs ;
But vain regrets are best forgot,
And wishes vain remembered not.

GOLDEN FRUIT.

BLOW, blow, ye winds, descend, ye rains,
And swell the rills and wet the plains;
The fields and meadows will not thrive
If ye with sunshine cease to strive.

And we, without the toils of life,
The heavy burdens and the strife,
The dark'ning shadows and the pain,
Would selfish be, and weak and vain !

Then, as we welcome wind and wet,
And own we should not frown or fret,
So let us welcome to our hearts
The means of strength that God imparts.

Though present pain but ill appears,
And fills our minds with trembling fears,
If borne aright, its end shall be
The golden fruit of victory !

SONNET ON MAN.

OH ! what is man ? A riddle hard to guess ;
The timid weakling of a fleeting hour,
A lofty being of majestic power ;
A creature tossed with pains and sore distress ;
A mind that many conflicts must confess ;
A heart of courage when the tempests lower,
And sinews strong to climb when mountains tower ;
A boundless, eager grasping to possess !
Sometimes within himself at moral strife,
Sometimes too languid e'en to strive at all ;
Today triumphant in a noble life,
Tomorrow doom'd to mourn a sudden fall ;
Thus, with tumultuous thoughts and passions rife,
However great, in God's sight he is small !

SONNET ON LIFE.

WHAT'S life ? A man mature in years should know ;
But, ah ! its mysteries are deep and dark ;
So deep that few their mere existence mark,
So dark that none their meaning well can show.
We feel its throbs in childhood's buoyant glow,
When Nature sings exultant as the lark ;
In age it dwindles to a feeble spark,
And then the blood, impoverished, courses slow.
But life is something more than flesh and blood !
Through nobler traits it tendeth to the sky ;
Amid all changes, seeking out the good,
The low and death-inducing passing by,
As, guided by the truer light, it should,
It finds eternal perfectness on high.

THE OLD MAN'S REVERY.

AN aged man sat in the sun's pleasant rays
And pensively mused on his earlier days.
The scenes of his childhood came rushing in view,
Enchanting his mind with its pleasures, anew !

They threw o'er his being a spell so profound
That years and deep griefs were o'erreached with a bound ;
The present was naught, but the past filled his soul,
And memories sweet did his fancy control.

From childhood's soft dreamings he onward did go,
And felt the experience of manhood's rich glow.
He lived in the thoughts and the aims of young life,
And felt, in his heart, ample strength for the strife !

The warmth of the sun, as he sat in its rays,
Appeared with ambition to set him ablaze ;
And quickly old plans and old purposes swarmed,
As things in his life which had recently formed.

His children, again, round him prattled and played,
Again for their good and their safety he prayed ;
Again their brisk clatter and voices he heard ;
Their acts and their glances his warm pulses stirred !

His years passed, in musing, full swiftly along,
And hope seemed the soul of his every-day song.
He built, in his fancy, his castles of air,
And felt, for their stableness, naught of despair !

But vain was his fancy — his confidence vain ;
His revery ended in twinges of pain !
His beard and his hair — as with snow they were white ;
His castles were shattered, and weakened his might !

And aged, again, in the sun's shining rays
He sat, and he sighed o'er his earlier days
And hopes he had cherished, and fondly had dreamed
Would ever continue the same as they'd seemed.

'Twas well for the man that, in time of his youth,
His soul had received evangelical truth ;
On Christ, the Foundation, his hopes he had built ;
The Savior, he knew, had atoned for his guilt.

His castles might tumble and fall to the earth,
His worldly imaginings prove of slight worth ;
The time of his end might be coming apace ;
The sooner he'd see the Redeemer's sweet face !

SONNET ON HOPE.

O CHARMFUL Hope, exultance crowns thy name !
Thou hast the power, from stupor dull, to wake
The drooping mind and heart of man ; and make
The soul and body thrill with quickening flame.
When kindled thus, our life will not be tame ;
But, rising o'er obstructions, we shall shake
Aside each weight that bears us down, and break
The force of Satan's sloth-inducing aim.
Inspiring Hope the sister is of Love ;
And Love, alone, a higher place can hold.
Hope comes—an angel sent us from above—
To lead us on to actions strong and bold,
That high resolves we may to triumph shove,
Through dangers dread, and obstacles untold.

PRAYER IN THE TEMPLE.

I N olden time, upon a day,
The sacred Scriptures tell,
To Zion's temple went to pray,
Two men of Israel.

Complacent, one with haughty tread
And scornful look drew nigh;
The other went with lowered head,
And humble, downcast eye.

The Pharisee, in boastful tone,
Of frequent fastings told;
And named, with pride, the works he'd done,
In words unduly bold.

He thanked the Lord that he was just
By his inherent worth,
Unlike the men who live in lust,
And grasp the wealth of earth.

The transient thrill of vain conceit
Anew his pulses stirred;
Reward for such a service meet—
The only answer heard.

He left the sacred house of prayer
As guilty as he came ;
No Spirit's breath of heavenly air
Had fanned his heart to flame.

The sad and humble publican,
Bowed 'neath sin's crushing load,
Dared not draw near the boastful man,
Nor lift his eyes to God ;

But, smiting on his troubled breast,
Confessed his guilt and sin,
And begged for pardon, peace and rest ;
And felt new joy within.

With gladdened heart and beaming eyes
He leaves the place of prayer,
And to his home he cheerly hies,
To praise his Saviour there.

I NEVER PRAY.

“ I NEVER pray,” the maiden said,
 With light and careless tone ;
And then her beauteous head she tossed,
 As proud to have it known !

And is it true, thou thoughtless one,
 That thou hast walked the earth,
And seen its beauties round thee spread,
 And known their cheering worth ;

Hast felt thy bounding pulses glow
 At breath of morning air ;
Enjoyed the gifts of nature’s God,
 And never knelt in prayer ?

Thou, too, hast had the Holy Word,
 By inspiration given,
To shine upon thy darksome way,
 And light the path to heaven.

Thou’st read the story of His love,
 Who once His life resigned,
That they who plead His sacred name
 May sweet forgiveness find ;

And thou hast felt, upon thy heart,
A load of guilt and care ;
And yet thou hast—Oh ! fearful truth—
Thou hast not knelt in prayer !

Review thy ways—recall thy thought—
No longer vengeance dare !
O'erpowered with burden of thy sins,
Lift up to God thy prayer !

GOD'S SIGNAL.

(2 Sam. v. 22-25.)

THE foes of David came, a mighty horde,
In war's array, with bow and shield and sword ;
In Rephaim's vale they spread their forces wide,
To strike down Israel's hope and crush his pride.

The king, to meet them, would not blindly go,
But humbly asked the Lord His will to show.
"A compass fetch," said God, "approaching these,
And wait them o'er against the mulberry trees :

"And when the treetops give my signal sound—
As if in them the breeze a voice had found—
Bestir thyself, for I'll before thee move
And vict'ry shall thy battle charge approve !"

'Twas done ; and David's foes, in dire alarm,
Were chased and slain by War's relentless arm ;
And Israel, from invasion freed, the while
Rejoiced beneath the Lord's benignant smile.

So heavenly voices sound from leafy trees,
From purling rivulets and sobbing seas ;
And there's a language in the zephyr's sigh,
That speaks, to trustful souls, of God on high.

The same I AM in Nature's voices heard,
Imparts a clearer teaching in His word ;
With careful ear the voices let us heed—
With reverent hearts His sacred volume read.

VOICES OF THE SEASONS.

IN spring the slopes and lawns are seen
Fresh mantled o'er with living green ;
The sun's mild rays more genial shine,
And swelling buds, of life, give sign ;
From robins' and from blue-birds' throats
The air resounds with cheerful notes ;
And many voices say,
Singing, ringing,
Promise bringing,
" Rejoicing fills each day."

In summer's full and fervid glow,
When harvest fields begin to show
The ripening fruitage far and wide—
On hills, in dales, by river-side—
And hope has reached fruition's bound ;
The songs of gladness louder sound,
And gleeful voices say,
Gaily singing,
Rapture bringing,
" Exult with us to-day !"

In autumn's chill and fitful days,
When frosts have set the woods ablaze
With seeming fires that have no heat,
And fallen leaves lie under feet ;
As we the saddening lessons learn,
To deeper thoughts our musings turn,
And countless voices say,
Soughing, sighing,
Gasping, dying,
" Earth's goodness fades away ! "

In winter, gloomy, cold and dead,
White-sheeted in its snowy bed,
'Mid voices deep, sepulchral, drear,
We softer inward voices hear,
And find, in memories old and sweet,
The promises of Nature, meet
To cheer us on to May,
Patient staying,
Hoping, praying,
To see its vernal day !

JENNIE CREEK AND THE TRAIN.

A MAIDEN ten years old is out at play ;
With tuneful voice she sings a gladsome lay ;
As on the railroad track she wanders slow,
Her liquid eyes with pleasure gently glow.
Around her many varied verdures spread ;
Upon her myriad flowers their fragrance shed
And kindly blithesome Nature smiles as free
As smiles the maiden in her artless glee.
The railroad track its long and narrow way
Stretched out before the maid, that summer day,
And seemed to tempt the girl to roam afar,
With nought upon her pleasant mood to jar.

But now in swift surprise her eyes stand still,
A moment held by sight her soul to thrill.
The trestle o'er the gorge is all on fire !
Beyond the curve, the train comes thundering nigher !
The maiden knows the danger, feels the fear
That death awaits the hundreds hastening near.
What shall she do—a feeble girl like her ?
Yet, what shall such a soul as hers deter ?

A timely, hopeful thought flits through her head ;
She rends away her underskirt of red,
And fleet along the level road she hies,
As, borne on swiftest wings, sweet Mercy flies !
The tender maiden's form was slight, 'tis true ;
Her limbs and feet and hands were tiny, too ;
But, O her throbbing heart was stout and brave
To dare and do, the lives of men to save !
So, when the rushing train comes full in sight,
She waves her ready signal left and right.
The stalwart engineer, with eye alert,
Descries the waving of the flannel skirt ;
His hand is quickly on the lever laid—
And, just in time, the train's swift course is stayed.
Saved, saved ! five hundred children, women, men ;
Their grateful hearts, again and yet again,
Express, through sobs and smiles, their thankfulness,
While round the maiden eagerly they press.

Brave Jennie Creek ! while decades roll along
May bards her praises sing in living song ;
And may the child who hears this story told
Be stirred to emulate her spirit bold,
And thus be true to right, whate'er befalls,
In every act of life where duty calls.

THREE WOMEN.

I.

O WOMAN, kind and fair, to show thy worth
Might task the fittest heart and pen on earth !
The number of thy worthy names is great,
And from their fame I would no jot abate ;
And yet, amid the fair and countless host,
Of three I fain would make my heart-felt boast.
I sing of these because I love to tell
Their wondrous goodness that I've known so well,
For that on me has fall'n its influence sweet,
And made these eulogistic numbers meet.
Their virtues rare within my breast incite
A feeling deeper than my pen can write ;
But what my pen can do, my heart shall move,
And thus my warm and leal affection prove.

II.

My thought goes back to earliest memories,
And, clear to view, the form of one there is
Whose sweet attractiveness will never fade
While mental force shall render me its aid.
O mother, name endearing ! sweet the word
As ever child has lisped, or man has heard !

In pain and anxious thought she gave me birth ;
She watched, with care, my childhood's grief and mirth,
And tenderly my doubts and fears she soothed ;
The later paths of boyhood's years she smoothed ;
My courage, fired from hers, grew strong in youth,
To stand, in trial's hour, for right and truth.
Her prayers and love, like arms, were round me cast
Till life's meridian line was fully passed ;
And then the heavenward flight her spirit made ;
Her dust, with reverent hands, to rest we laid.

III.

But sweet as was a mother's name,
And soft as was her gentle hand ;
There came to me another flame
My being's purpose to command !
The beauteous form of one to love
Attracted strong my eye and heart,
With power my inmost soul to move
And higher aims to life impart !
This one in young and lovely womanhood,
With hope and trustfulness, beside me stood
When words were uttered that pronounced, for life,
Me husband, and the modest maiden, wife.
Without reserve, her hand and love she gave,
And through long years, with faithful heart and brave,
In life's vicissitudes she has not failed,
Nor yet in trials has her courage quailed.

When days of joyfulness I've known, the while
She has reflected gladness with her smile.
In labors and in sadness, deep and sore,
She has but loved and prayed and cheered the more !
A woman this, whose praises I should sing,
And ne'er against her words of censure bring.

IV.

From God the third—a daughter—next was given,
As if to prove the boundless love of heaven !
She came when I was 'mid life's battle stern,
A bud of promise fair, from which to learn
Sweet, precious lessons of sustaining power,
To give me hope, e'en in the darkest hour !
Thus has the sunshine of her presence bright
Dispelled life's deepening shadows with its light ;
And, as her years and mine have onward flown,
Her love, and power to bless, have ever grown.
When most I need, her faithful heart doth share,
With ready hand, the burdens that I bear.

V.

And so, whatever good my life has known—
Whatever seeds of joy my hands have sown—
The hopes that nerve my heart and brain, to-day,
To meet the struggles of my future way—
The fruitage and the cheer have largely sprung
From aid of these whose praises I have sung.

THE KEDGE ; AN INCIDENT OF SEA LIFE.

THE ship was strong, the ship was trim and tight ;
Well formed to ride the waves and breast their might.

“ Let’s lively be

And put to sea,”

Up spoke the mate ; “ we have the wind and tide,
And now’s our time adown the bay to glide.”

With practised eye and calm and thoughtful air
The captain looked the tackling o’er with care ;

“ Kedgeless,” said he,

“ I’ll not to sea ; ”

And then, with tones and aspect firm and grave,
To have a kedge supplied, he orders gave.

Then said the mate—who longed to sail away,
And whose impatience ill could brook delay—

“ Two anchors great,

In any strait,

Will keep us off the sandy shore or ledge ;

Why waste our time in waiting for a kedge ? ”

But when from Boston port the ship set sail,
Her canvas braced before the gladsome gale,
 The kedge was there,
 In good repair,
And all on board was snug as snug could be—
And Captain Girdler, a praying man was he.

The nights they gloomed, the days they brightly shone;
Three thousand miles the ship swept gayly on
 Her destined way,
 In proud array,
Till, near Gibraltar's fortified rock, came down
The night, with driving wind and wrathful frown.

"Hi, hi!" the storm-fiends howled in passing by,
"Ho, ho!" the billows answered to the sky;
 "We'll try our powers
 Upon the bowers!"
And both bower anchors then their cables parted,
And tow'rds the rugged cliffs the vessel started.

Then Richard Girdler's bold, commanding shout,
Above the roar of waves and wind, rang out,
 "Throw out the kedge,
 Of hope the pledge,
And go to prayers!" 'Tis done; and bravely now,
Against the storm, the vessel holds her prow.

But when the tempest's rage had spent its might,
 And o'er the harbor shone the dawning light,
 How sad the view,
 To that ship's crew,
 Of broken wrecks that strewed the rocky shore !
 But they the billows rode—their peril o'er.
 'Tis not alone by human skill or power
 That men are kept in danger's darkest hour,
 When threatenings sound
 In wrath around ;
 But God can stay the fearful bolts we dread,
 And save His trusting servants, with a thread.

NOTE. The above poem was published in Will Carleton's Magazine "Every Where," March, 1897.

THE RE-STRUNG HARP.

WHAT IS SAID OF IT.

From MISS MARY E. WILKINS (New England's popular story-writer and poet).

"I am very glad to have your book, and have read it with great interest. I do especially like the poems to which you refer me, but they are all very well written. I am sure that it must be a deep gratification and pleasure to all your friends that you did re-string your harp, and not let it remain silent any longer. It certainly gives out all its old notes as truly and melodiously as ever."

From REV. JAMES UPHAM, D. D.

"Beautiful book. I regret that the harp, which gave such sweet music in its author's youth, was not kept in tune right along and responsive to the many changing conditions of life. The author has marked poetic talent. He must keep his re-strung harp in order and in use. He may do his best work yet."

From MRS. CLARA HAPGOOD NASH (West Acton, Mass.).

(The first woman admitted to the Bar in New England.)

"I have read THE RE-STRUNG HARP with much interest. It is melodious, and embodies a high moral and religious tone."

From MISS LAURA WATSON, A. M. (Teacher of English Literature, etc.).

"I cannot tell you what a pleasure I experienced in looking over your book of poems. As a lover of poetry and a student of literature, I cannot fail to see its poetic beauties and scholarly excellence,

the sense of music and poetic fervor apparent, and the sweet poetic thoughts underlying all. I shall count it among the precious things of my library."

From REV. S. DRYDEN PHELPS, D. D.

"I began with the first piece, and found it a gem, and I found other gems also. The story in Spenserian verse greatly interested me. It is well told, and I like that measure, there is such a full flow of the lines and of the 'ninth billow breaking on the shore.'"

From MISS JESSIE F. O'DONNEL (Author, Lowville, N. Y.).

"THE RE-STRUNG HARP has given me much pleasure. What a happy title; and the opening poem is a pleasant introduction. There is a thoughtful earnestness in the 'Sonnet on Man' and in 'After the Tempest,' which impresses me, but I like still better 'From Self to God,' which contains fine thought nobly expressed; and the 'Three Quatrains on Poetry,' where the figures are choice, and the difficult task of compressing a complete thought within the quatrain's limits, well done."

From DEA. MARCIUS A. GATES (So. Gardner, Mass.).

"I have read and re-read THE RE-STRUNG HARP with deep interest and much profit."

From MISS MARIA M. WOODBURY (Groton, Mass.).

"I have looked over the poems with a great deal of interest and pleasure, and shall often refer to them in various moods of joy or sorrow, for there is a wide range of subjects, and I like to find in poetry an exponent of my better self, and I am sure I shall often find it in this book."

MR. H. L. KOOPMAN (Librarian of Brown University).

"I have found much of interest."

From *The Watchman* (Boston, Mass.).

"THE RE-STRUNG HARP: Poems by Rev. William Read, is a title implying, what is further intimated, that the author in time past indulged in tuneful numbers, and was led, at first with misgiving, to renew his practice of the accomplishment of verse. The author is a respected and esteemed minister of the Gospel. . . . Liberty and

religion are the chief inspiration of his muse, and his strains appeal to patriotic and devout feelings and the domestic affections."

From *The Christian Secretary* (Hartford, Ct.).

"THE RE-STRUNG HARP: Poems by Rev. William Read, is a collection of poems on a variety of topics pertaining to religion, temperance and social life. The volume will interest and inspire the lovers of what is good."

From *The Standard* (Chicago, Ill.).

"A volume of poems, by Rev. William Read. The beautiful title is THE RE-STRUNG HARP. The first poem in the collection is an exquisite song of itself."

From *The Kingsley Times* (Kingsley, Iowa).

"THE RE-STRUNG HARP: By Rev. William Read. Mr. Read's poems are pure, elevating in tone, simple in style and quite perfect in metre."

From *The Journal and Messenger* (Cincinnati, Ohio).

"THE RE-STRUNG HARP: By the Rev. William Read. In his younger days the author was accustomed to court the Muses and to find expression for thought in rhythmical form. In the stirring times through which he has come, he found frequent occasion to mount his Pegasus and give him the rein. And now that he has reached the age when gray hairs are upon him and the fire of youth might be supposed to burn less vigorously, he turns again to the winged steed and finds that after all he has not withdrawn beyond reach. The volume contains about one hundred pages, and a fine likeness of the author faces the title page. The poems are usually short, but one, entitled 'Constancy,' is divided into cantos and covers twenty-six pages. The measures and rhymes are well achieved and readily compassed. We trust that the book will have a satisfactory sale."

From REV. W. S. MCKENZIE, D. D.

"The poem of 'Three Women' is a nice piece of work, worthy of any man."

From REV. JAMES UPHAM, D. D.

"The poem is excellent in poetry and superexcellent in spirit."

REV. S. DRYDEN PHELPS, D. D. says of THREE WOMEN.

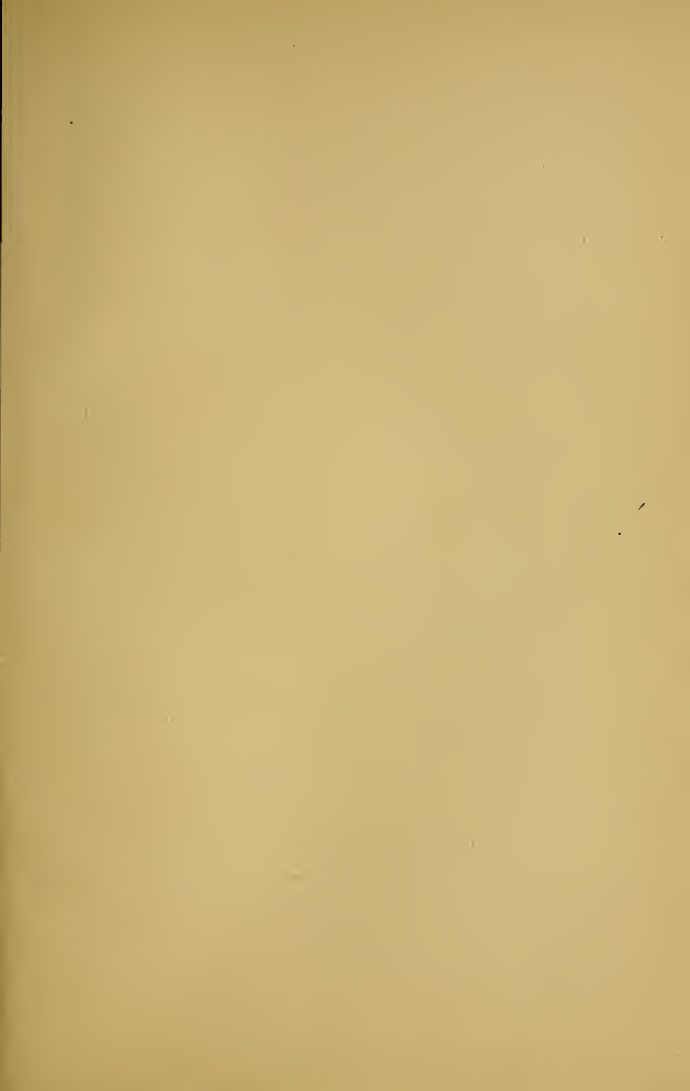
"I read it to my wife and eldest son, and we all pronounced it very good. I congratulate you on writing this domestic poem."

MR. WILL CARLETON says of "The Kedge."

"I have ordered twenty copies of the paper containing *your excellent poem* sent to you."

REV. FRANK RECTOR, (pastor of the First Baptist Church, Fitchburg, Mass.)

"Your themes of temperance, peace, friendship and faith are worthy of your pen. I notice with special satisfaction your 'Ode to Peace,' and 'After a Tempest.'"



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 165 732 3

